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A BOOK OF PARODIES

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A BOOK OF
PARODIES



EDITED BY
ARTHUR SYMONS



BLACKIE & SON LTD LONDON

It is a great pity that nonsense should be only a small train-bearer of the skirts of parody. Why may I not put the rejoicing strains of "Molly Mogg" into these pages? Because Mr. Austin Dobson, in a stern and kindly letter, tells me: "Molly Mogg is, I fear, the original of many copies, not the copy". And yet, in spite of authority, may not some serious person have written something of this kind with differing intentions?

*"The schoolboy's desire is a play-day;
The schoolmaster's joy is to flog;
The milkmaid's delight is on May-day;
But mine is on sweet Molly Mogg."*

And the Lady Jingly Jones of Mr. Lear, who sat where the pumpkins grow, can she have no poetic ancestor? And his run-cible goose, the octopod Mrs. Discobbolos? And his limericks, which have no meaning, and Rossetti's, which have too much? I have a shrewd suspicion that Lewis Carrol meant more than his fancy seems to in that masterpiece of his nonsense, in "Through the

Looking-Glass", where the last stanza echoes the first, and the rhythm throughout suggests the rhythm, and the new words are like phantoms of the old loveliness of "*La Belle Dame sans Merci*". But there is nothing certain in the world, not this even. For listen to Johnson, in his *Dictionary*: "Parody, a kind of writing in which the words of an author or his thoughts are taken, and by a slight change adapted to some new purpose". Then turn to the pages of his "*Lives of the Poets*", in which he considers lengthily the merits and demerits of "*The Splendid Shilling*". It has, he tells us, "the uncommon merit of an original design. . . . Everybody is pleased with that work. . . . Is it not surprising that he should have no writer to imitate, and himself be inimitable? . . . that he should do all this before he was twenty? . . . So soon was his imagination at its full strength, his judgment ripe, and his humour complete." Two kinds of burlesque Johnson distinguishes, the high and the low: "The lofty burlesque is the more to be admired, because, to write it, the author must be master of two of the most different talents in nature. . . . Admiration and laughter are of such opposite nature, that they are seldom created by the same person." "Admiration and laughter"; is not that

the very essence of the act or art of parody? Let us take a leap from Johnson to our present age, and read in the preface to Sir Frederick Pollock's "Leading Cases", that: "Parody does not, to my mind, imply any want of respect for the original. Rather I would say that, where the original has any real worth and distinction, no parodist can succeed who has not a fairly adequate sense of its distinctive merits." That is why the best poets have been the best parodists, or at least why no man has written a parody of the lofty kind without being in his own way something of a poet. I look down my list, and I find barely an exception, if any. And in perhaps the two finest of the number, James Hogg and Mr. Swinburne, we find the convincing admiration, the rarity of laughter, by which these two poets have parodied themselves with so absolute a success. "The Gude Greye Katte" and "Nephelidia" are themselves each of a different but equal kind: the one almost on the level of the writer's own genius, the other a lambent flame luminously disguising it.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

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Anacreon

Ode XXVIII

When my weary, worn-out eyes
Closed to seek a willing peace,
And the moon, in midnight skies,
Glitter'd like a shilling-piece,
At my door there came a knock,
O'er my brow a dizziness;
Through the pane I gave a look:
"Holloa! what's your business?"

There I saw a little boy,
Frosty-faced and shivering;
Forty arrows, like a toy,
Bent his back, a quiver in.
"Let me in," he cried, "till day,
Lost my road in jogging on;
I have got the means to pay,
Put your board a noggin on.

ANACREON, ODE XXVIII

"Men by mercy show the god,
Don't be stupid, pondering;
If you send me on the road,
I shall die in wandering."
"Enter in," said I, "my lad;
Pale, your cheeks with soda vie;
Here's a fire to make you glad,
Here's a glass of eau de vie!"

To the dying flame he drew,
Wanted warmth remembering;
And his colour backward flew,
As he puffed the ember in.
Then he dried his moisten'd hair,
Then he broach'd a keg or two,
Then he humm'd a merry air,
Danced, and cut a leg or two.

But when he beheld his bow,
All his joints seem'd sinuous;
"Sure," he cried, "'t is spoilt by snow,"
And he twang'd continuous.
"Lost! oh, lost! unhappy I!
If 't is hurt, I die for it!
You shall be the bullock's eye,
Never will you sigh for it."

Ere against I could exclaim,
Fearing some ill luck in it,

ANACREON, ODE XXVIII

At my heart he took an aim,
And his arrow stuck in it.
"That's a hit, my dart is true;
Now," said he, "away for it!"
Through a window-pane he flew,
And left poor I to pay for it.

William Maginn.

Theocritus

Thursday; or,
The Spell

Hobnelia

Hobnelia, seated in a dreary vale,
In pensive mood rehearsed her piteous tale;
Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
And pining Echo answers groan for groan.

“I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,
The woeful day, a day indeed of woe!
When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;
A maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forsakes the plains.
Return, my Lubberkin, these ditties hear;
Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my
care.

With my sharp heel I three times mark
the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around,
around.

THURSDAY

“When first the year I heard the cuckoo
sing,
And call with welcome note the budding
Spring,
I straightway set a running with such
haste,
Deb’rah that won the smock scarce ran
so fast;
Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary
grown,
Upon a rising bank I sat adown,
Then doff’d my shoe, and by my troth
I swear,
Therein I spy’d this yellow frizzled hair,
As like to Lubberkin’s in curl and hue,
As if upon his comely pate it grew.
With my sharp heel I three times mark
the ground
And turn me thrice around, around,
around.

“At eve last Midsummer no sleep I
sought;
But to the field a bag of hempseed brought;
I scatter’d round the seed on every side,
And three times in a trembling accent cry’d;
‘This hempseed with my virgin hand I
sow:
Who shall my true-love be, the crop shall
mow’.

THURSDAY

I straight look'd back, and, if my eyes
speak truth,

With his keen scythe behind me came the
youth,

With my sharp heel I three times mark
the ground.

And turn me thrice around, around,
around.

“Last Valentine, the day when birds of
kind

Their paramours with mutual chirpings
find;

I early rose, just at the break of day,

Before the sun had chas'd the stars away;

A-field I went, amid the morning dew,

To milk my kine (for so should huswives
do);

Thee first I spy'd; and the first swain
we see,

In spite of fortune shall our true-love
be.

See, Lubberkin, each bird his partner
take;

And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear
forsake?

With my sharp heel I three times mark
the ground,

And turn me thrice around, around,
around.

THURSDAY

“Last May-day fair I search’d to find
a snail,
That might my secret lover’s name reveal:
Upon a gooseberry bush a snail I found,
For always snails’ near sweetest fruit
abound.

I seiz’d the vermine, whom I quickly sped,
And on the earth the milk-white embers
spread.

Slow crawl’d the snail, and, if I right
can spell,

In the soft ashes mark’d a curious L.
Oh, may this wondrous omen lucky prove!
For L is found in Lubberkin and Love.

With my sharp heel I three times mark
the ground,

And turn me thrice around, around,
around.

“Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart’s name:
This with the loudest bounce me sore
amazed,

That in a flame of brightest colour blazed.
As blaz’d the nut, so may thy passion grow;
For ’twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.

With my sharp heel I three times mark
the ground,

And turn me thrice around, around,
around.

THURSDAY

“As peasecods once I pluck’d, I chanc’d
to see,
One that was closely fill’d with three times
three,
Which when I cropp’d I safely home con-
veyed,
And o’er the door the spell in secret laid;
My wheel I turn’d, and sung a ballad
new,
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;
The latch moved up, when who should first
come in,
But, in his proper person, Lubberkin.
I broke my yarn, surpris’d the sight to see;
Sure sign that he would break his word
with me.
Eftsoons I join’d it with my wonted sleight:
So may again his love with mine unite!
With my sharp heel I three times mark
the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around,
around.

“This lady-fly I take from off the grass,
Whose spotted back might scarlet red
surpass.
Fly, lady-bird, north, south, or east, or
west;
Fly where the man is found that I love
best.

THURSDAY

He leaves my hand; see! to the west
he's flown,
To call my true-love from the faithless
town.

With my sharp heel I three times mark
the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around,
around.

“I pare this pippin round and round
again,
My shepherd's name to flourish on the
plain,
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head.
Upon the grass a perfect L is read;
Yet on my heart a fairer L is seen,
Than what the paring makes upon the
green.

With my sharp heel I three times mark
the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around,
around.

“This pippin shall another trial make;
See from the core two kernels brown I take.
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn;
And Boobyclod on t'other side is borne.
But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love's unsound;

THURSDAY

While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last;
Oh were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!

With my sharp heel I three times mark
the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around.
around.

“As Lubberkin once slept beneath a
tree,
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his
knee.

He wist not when the hempen string I
drew,

Now mine I quickly doff, of inkle blue.
Together fast I tye the garters twain;
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain;
Three times a true-love's knot I tie secure,
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure!

With my sharp heel I three times mark
the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around,
around.

“As I was wont, I trudg'd last market-
day
To town, with new-laid eggs preserv'd in
hay.

I made my market long before 't was night,
My purse grew heavy, and my basket light.

THURSDAY

Straight to the 'pothecary's shop I went,
And in love-powder all my money spent.
Behap what will, next Sunday after prayers,
When to the ale-house Lubberkin repairs,
These *golden flies* into his mug I'll throw,
And soon the swain with fervent love shall
glow.

With my sharp heel I three times mark
the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around,
around.

"But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and
cocks his ears,
O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.
He comes! he comes! Hobnelia's not
bewray'd,
Nor shall she crowned with willow, die
a maid.

He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green
gown;

Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

John Gay.

Catullus

Old Style

Aurelius, Sire of Hungrinesses!
Thee thy old friend Catullus blesses,
And sends thee six fine watercresses.
There are who would not think me quite
(Unless we were old friends) polite
To mention whom you should invite.
Look at them well; and turn it over
In your own mind . . . I'd have but
four . . .
Lucullus, Cæsar, and two more.

Walter Savage Landor.

Horace

Lib. I, Ep. XI.

Dear Bartle,—How does Turkey suit your
taste,
Compared with it is Lisbon quite effaced,
Seville, and all the scenes we view'd to-
gether?
What sort of climate have you found, and
weather?
The fish, the figs, the grapes, and Grecian
wine,
In real earnest, are they quite as fine
As modern travellers have represented?
Inform us—are you joyous and contented,
Or are you sick of Dragomans and Turks,
Muftis, Bashaws, and all their wicked
works?
And pine to visit our domestic scene,
Roydon and Finningham and Mellis'
Green,

HORACE, LIB. I, EP. XI

To pass a rainy winter afternoon
With Mr., Mrs., and the Misses Moon,
Till, like an affable convivial priest,
Returning late from his parochial feast,
Temple diverts us from backgammon-
playing,
With phrases of old Daniel Garrard's
saying.
Next morning we must saunter out once
more
To view the scenes so often view'd before.
The solemn features and commanding
stare
Of ancient justices and ladies fair,
Which Rednall still preserves with loyal
care,
Arranged in order round his parlour wall,
Poor emigrants from the deserted hall;
Or prune with grave discussion and sus-
pense
The rising saplings in the new-made fence;
Or wander forth where Syret's wife de-
plores
The broken pantiles in her pantry floors;
Or eastward pass to that remoter scene
Where tracts of hostile acres intervene,
To look at Kersey's maid, and taste his
ale,
And grieve to see the new-made plaister
fail.

HORACE, LIB. I, EP. XI

Then to return, and find at every station
Old topics, that revive the conversation,
Themes of complacency and consolation.

“That stream with proper care might
overflow

The strip of pasture ground that lies
below;

Those trees have of themselves contrived
to grow;

Those ancient chimneys have been well
replaced,”

And “Temple’s chancel has been tiled
with taste.”

Such joys as these attend on my return

To Roydon, from the place of date—
Eastbourne.

John Hookham Frère.

The Ninth Ode
of the Fourth
Book of Horace

A FRAGMENT

Lest you should think that verse shall die
Which sounds the silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar song;

Though daring Milton sits sublime,
In Spenser native muses play;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay.

Sages and chiefs long since had birth
Ere Cæsar was or Newton nam'd;
These rais'd new empires o'er the earth,
And those new heavens and systems
fram'd.

Vain war the chief's, the poet's pride!
They had no poet, and they died.
In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no poet, and are dead.

Alexander Pope.

The Unfledged Muse

Your Muse is too young for the trade,
Forbear the poor soul to caress;
The tender, the delicate maid,
Will die with the weight of the press.

Still let her on Pegasus stray,
But pace, in a canter at most,
The meads of La Belle Assemblée,
The Ladies' Museum and Post.

To critical batteries blind,
How many a volunteer muse,
Her magazines leaving behind,
Has met with her death in reviews.

Then weigh well the *pros* and the *cons*,
Show nought of the goose but its quill;
Get tribute from critical dons,
And then touch the Spanish at will.

Then gallop, or canter, or trot,
Your muse will the labour endure:
Fight cap-a-pie heroes with Scott,
Woo sensitive beauty with Moore;

THE UNFLEDGED MUSE

Then rhyming, or prosing, or soft,
Or rugged, your thoughts you may
blab;

Write egotist essays with Loft;
Or workhouse heroics with Crabbe.

While booksellers kindle your urn,
And puff your funereal fires,
Your flame shall continue to burn,
Long after your fuel expires.

James and Horatio Smith.

Shakespeare

Song: Hamlet

(Tune: Derry Down)

When deprived of our breath
By that harlequin, Death,
His pantomime-changes fast follow:
First his magic displaces
Eyes and nose from our faces,
And like this leaves them ghastly and
hollow.

'Tis to him the same thing,
Whether beggar or king,
Midst his frolics all share the same fate;
And certain it is,
To a thing just like this
He transformed Alexander the Great.

Next, without much delay,
We're converted to clay;

SONG: HAMLET

But our next transformation's a lottery:
Some are changed into cans,
Some to pint-pots or pans,
Some to teapots from Wedgewood's famed
pottery!

By this rule may we trace
Julius Cæsar's bold face
Till we find it i' th' form of a jug:
And renowned Alexander,
The world's great commander,
A two-penny earthenware mug!

John Poole.

Fire, Famine, and
Slaughter

A WAR ECLOGUE

*The Scene at a desolated Tract in La
Vendée. FAMINE is discovered lying
on the ground; To her enter FIRE
and SLAUGHTER.*
*Fam. Sisters! sisters! who sent you
here?* *Slau. [to Fire.] I will whisper it in her
ear.*

Fire. No! no! no! *Spirits hear what spirits tell:
'T will make an holiday in Hell.*
No! no! no! *Myself, I named him once below,
And all the souls that damned be,
Leaped up at once in anarchy,
Clapped their hands and danced for glee.
They no longer heeded me;
But laughed to hear Hell's burning rafters
Unwillingly re-echo laughters!*
No! no! no! I *Spirits hear what spirits tell:
'T will make an holiday in Hell!*

FIRE, FAMINE, AND SLAUGHTER

Fam. Whisper it, sister! so and so!
In a dark hint, soft and slow.

Slau. Letters four do form his name—
And who sent you?

Both. The same! the same!

Slau. He came by stealth and unlocked
my den,

And I have drunk the blood since then
Of thrice three hundred thousand men.

Both. Who bade you do't?

Slau. The same! the same!
Letters four do form his name.

He let me loose, and cried Halloo!

To him alone the praise is due.

Fam. Thanks, sister, thanks! the men
have bled,

Their wives and their children faint for
bread.

I stood in a swampy field of battle;

With bones and skulls I made a rattle.

Fire. O thankless beldames and untrue!

And is this all that you can do

For him, who did so much for you?

Ninety months he, by my troth!

Hath richly catered for you both;

And in an hour would you repay

An eight years' work? Away! away!

I alone am faithful: I

Cling to him everlastingly.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

VERSE OF "TAKE
THY OLD CLOAK
ABOUT THEE"

Sung by Iago in the Second Act of Othello.

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown,
He held them sixpence all too dear,
And so he called the tailor loon,
He was a king, and wore a crown,
Thou art a squire of low degree;
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
So take thy old cloak about thee.

Rex Stephanus princeps fuit illustrissimus
olim,
Sexque decem braccæ constiterunt
obolis,
Assibus hoc pretium reputans sex cha-
rius aequo,
Sartorem jurgat nomine furciferi.

TAKE THY OLD CLOAK

Ille fuit dominus celso diademate cinctus,
Et tu demissi nil nisi verna loci;
Eheu! sternit humi nunc nostra superbia
regnum:
Veste igitur trita contege terga, precor.

William Maginn.

Early Ballads

Chevy Chase

A Poem: Latine Redditum. First Fytte.

Persaeus ex Northumbria
Vovebat Diis iratis,
Venare inter dies tres
In montibus Cheviatis,
Contemtis forti Douglasso
Et omnibus cognatis.

“Optimos cervos ibi,” ait,
“Occisos reportabo;”
“Per Jovem,” inquit Douglassus
“Venatum hunc vetabo.”

CHEVY CHASE

3

Ex Bamборо Persaeus it,
Cum agmine potenti;
Nam tribus agris lecti sunt
Sagittarii ter quingenti.

4

Ad Cheviatos graditur,
In Lunae die mane;
Puer nondum natus fleret hoc;
Quod est dolendum sane!

5

Viri, qui cervos agerent,
Per nemora pergebant;
Dum sagittarii spiculas
Ex arcubus fundebant.

6

Tum diffugerunt penitus
Per omen sylvam ferae;
Et eas canes Gallici
Sequentes percurrere

7

Hunc matutino tempore
Venatum sic caeperunt;

CHEVY CHASE

Et centum sub meridiem
Pingues cervi ceciderunt.

8

Tum tubae taratantara
Convocat dissipatos;
Comes Persaeus visum it
Cervos dilaniatos.

9

Dicens, "Promisit Douglasus
Mî hic occursum ire,
Sed scivi quod non faceret".
His dictis jurat mirè.

10

Tandem armiger Northumbriae
Aspexit venientem
Prope ad manum Douglasum,
Et agmina ducentem.

11

Cum hastis, pilis, ensibus,
Magnifici iverunt;
Fortiores in fidelibus
Domini non fuerunt.

CHEVY CHASE

12

Bis mille procul dubio
Hastati bonae notae,
Ad aquas Tuedae nati sunt
In finibus Tiviotae.

13

“Mittite cervos, sunnite
Sagittas nullâ morâ;
Nunquam tam opus fuit, ex
Nostrâ natali horâ.”

14

In primo fortis Douglasus
Equitans veniebat;
Lorica prunae similis
Ardenti resplendebat.

15

Et, “Quinam estis cedo,” ait,
“Aut cujus viri sitis?
Quis misit vos venatum hic,
Nobis admondum invitis?”

16

Persaeus autem Douglasso
Respondit longe primus,

CHEVY CHASE

“Qui sumus haud narrabimus,
Aut cujus viri simus;
Sed hic, invitis omnibus,
Venatum statim imus.”

17

“Cervorum hic pinguissimos
Occisos auferemus”.
“Idcirco,” dixit Douglasus,
“Necesse est ut pugnemus.”

18

Et dixit fortis Douglasus
Haec verba nunc Persaeo,
“Necare hos innoxios
Non esset gratum deo;

19

“Sed tu, Persaeë, princeps es,
Sum ego comes quoque;
Cernamus soli, agmine
Manente hic utroque”.

20

Persaeus inquit, “Pereat is
Qui huic vult obviam ire,
Nam, hercle, dies aderit
Nunquam, Douglàse dire,

29

CHEVY CHASE

21

Quum Angliâ, Scotiâ, Galliâ,
Negaverim tentare
Sortem cum ullo homine
In pugnâ singulari”.

22

Tunc armiger Northumbriae
“R. Withringtonus fatur
“Nunquam Henrico principi
In Anglia hoc dicatur;

23

“Vos estis magni comites
Et pauper miles ego,
Sed pugnaturum dominum,
Me otioso, nego:
Sed corde; manu, enseque,
Pugnabo quandiu dego”.

24

O dies! dies, dies trux!
Sic finit cantus primus;
Si de venatu plura vis,
Plura narrare scimus.

William Maginn.

Early Metrical Romance

The Lay of the Ettercap

Now shal y tellen to^{ye}, y wis,
Of that Squyere^{hizt} Ellis,
And his Dame so fre:
So hende he is^{by} goddes mizt,
That he nis not ymake a knizt
It is the more pitè.

He knoweth better eche glewe,
Than y can to ye shewe
Oither bi plume or greffe:
To hunte or hawke, bi frith or folde,
Or play at boules in alles colde,
He is wel holden cheffe.

His eyes graye as glas ben,
And his visage alto keene,
Loveliche to^{paramour}:
Clere as amber beth his faxe,

THE LAY OF THE ETTERCAP

His face beth thin as battle-axe
That deleth dintes doure.

His witte beth both kene and sharpe,
To knizt or dame that wel can carpe
Oither in halle or boure:
And had y not that Squyere yfonde,
Y hadde ben at the se gronde,
Which had ben gret doloure.

In him y finden none nother evil,
Save that his nostril moche doth snivel,
Al throgh that vilaine snuffe:
But then his speche beth so perquire,
That those who may his carpyng here,
They never may here ynough.

His Dame beth of so meikle price,
To holden themselves in her service,
Fele folks faine wolde be:
Soft and swote in eche steven,
Like an angel com fro heven,
Singeth sothe that fre.

I wot her carpyng bin ful queynt,
And her corps bothe smale and gent,
Semeliche to be sene:
Fete, hondes, and fingres smale,
Of perle beth eche fingre nail;
She mizt ben Fairi Quene.

THE LAY OF THE ETTERCAP

That Ladi gent wolde given a scarfe
To hym wolde kille a wreche dwarfe
Of paynim brode:

That dwarfe is a fell Ettercap,
And liven aye on nettle-sap,
And hath none nother fode.

That dwarfe he beth berdles and bare,
And weazel-blownen beth all his hair,
Lyke an ympe elfe;
And in this middel erd all and haile
Ben no kyn thyng he loveth an dele,
Save his owen selfe.

And when the Dame ben come to toun,
That Ladi gent sall mak her boune
A selcouth feat to try,
To take a little silver knyfe,
And end that sely dwarfes life,
And bake hym in a pye.

John Leyden.

Lodge

**Ronsard's
Description of his
Mistris, Which
he weres in his
Hands in
Purgatory**

Downe I sat,
I sat downe,
Where Flora had bestowed her graces;
Greene it was,
It was greene,
Far passing other places:
For art and nature did combine
With sights to watch the gasers eyne.

There I sat,
I sat there,
Viewing of this pride of places:

HIS MISTRIS

Straight I saw.

I saw straight,

The sweetest fair of all faces:

Such a face as did containe

Heavens shine in every veine.

I did looke,

Looke did I,

And there I saw Apollos wyers:

Bright they were,

They were bright;

With them Auroras head he tires.

But this I wondred, how that now

They shadowed in Cassanders brow.

Still I gazde,

I gazde still,

Spying Lunas mylke white glasse:

Commixt fine,

Fine commixt,

With the mornings ruddy blaze:

This white and red their seating seeks

Upon Cassandraes smiling cheeks.

Two stars then,

Then two stars,

Passing Sun or Moon in shine,

HIS MISTRIS

Appearde there,
There appearde,
And were forsooth my mistris eine,
From whence prowd Cupid threw his
fire
To set a flame all mens desire.

Brests she had,
She had brests,
White like the silver dove:
Lie there did,
There did lye,
Cupid overgrowne with love:
And in the vale that parts the plaine
Pitcht his tent there to remaine.

This was she,
She was this,
The fairest fair that e'er I see.
I did muse,
Muse did I,
How such a creature found could be:
A voice replied from the Aire,
Shee alone and none so faire.

Thomas Lodge.

Michael Drayton

Going or Gone

Fine merry franions,
Wanton companions,
My days are ever banyans
 With thinking upon ye!
How Death, that last stinger,
Finis—uriter, end-bringer,
Has laid his chill finger,
 Or is laying on ye.

There's rich Kitty Wheatley,¹
With footing it featly
That took me completely,
 She sleeps in the Kirk House;
And poor Polly Perkin,¹
Whose Dad was still firking,
The jolly ale firkin,
 She's gone to the Workhouse.

GOING OR GONE

Fine gardener, Ben Carter,
(In ten counties no smarter)
Has ta'en his departure
For Proserpine's orchard;
And Lily, postilion,
With cheeks of vermilion,
Is one of a million
That fill up the churchyard;

And, lusty as Dido,
Fat Cleminton's widow
Flits now a small shadow
By Stygian hid ford;
And good Master Clapton
Has thirty years napt on,
The ground he last hapt on,
Intombed by fair Widford;

And gallant Tom Dockwra,
Of Nature's finest crockery,
Now but thin air and mockery,
Lurks by Avernus,
Whose honest grasp of hand
Still, while his life did stand,
At friend's or foe's command,
Almost did burn us.

Roger de Coverley
Not more good man than he;

GOING OR GONE

Yet has he equally
Pushed for Cocytus,
With drivelling Worral,
And wicked old Dorral,
Gainst whom I've a quarrel,
Whose end might affright me!

Kindly hearts have I known;
Kindly hearts, they are flown;
Here and there if but one
Linger yet uneffaced,
Imbecile tottering elves,
Soon to be wrecked on shelves,
These scarce are half themselves,
With age and care crazed.

But this day Amy Hutton
Her last dress has put on;
Her fine lessons forgotten,
She died, as the dunce died;
And prim Betsy Chambers,
Decayed in her members,
No longer remembers
Things, as she once did:

And prudent Mrs. Wither,
Not in jest now doth *wither*,
And soon must go—whither
Nor I well, nor you know;

GOING OR GONE

And flaunting Miss Waller,
That soon must befall her,
Whence none can recall her,
Though proud once as Juno!

Charles Lamb.

Pulci

Prospectus and Specimen of an Intended National Work, by William and Robert Whistlecraft

I've often wished that I could write a
book,
Such as all English people might peruse;
I never should regret the pains it took,
That's just the sort of fame that I should
choose :

To sail about the world like Captain Cook,
I'd sling a cot up for my favourite Muse,
And we'd take verses out to Demerara,
To New South Wales, and up to Niagara.
Poets consume excisable commodities,
They raise the nation's spirit when vic-
torious,

A NATIONAL WORK

They drive an export trade in whims and
oddities,
Making our commerce and revenue glorious;
As an industrious and pains-taking body
't is
That Poets should be reckon'd meritorious:
And therefore I submissively propose
To erect one Board for Verse and one for
Prose.

Princes protecting Sciences and Art
I've often seen, in copperplate and print;
I never saw them elsewhere, for my part,
And therefore I conclude there's nothing
in 't;
But everybody knows the Regent's heart;
I trust he won't reject a well-meant hint;
Each Board to have twelve members, with
a seat
To bring them in per ann. five-hundred
neat:—

From Princes I descend to the Nobility:
In former times all persons of high
stations,
Lords, Baronets, and Persons of gentility
Paid twenty guineas for the dedications:
This practice was attended with utility;
The patrons lived to future generations,

A NATIONAL WORK.

The poets lived by their industrious earning,—
So men alive and dead could live by Learning.

Then, twenty guineas was a little fortune;
Now, we must starve unless the times
should mend:

Our poets nowadays are deem'd impo-
tune

If their addresses are diffusely penn'd;
Most fashionable authors make a short
one

To their own wife, or child, or private
friend,

To show their independence, I suppose;
And that may do for Gentlemen like those.

Lastly, the common people I beseech—
Dear People! if you think my verses
clever,

Preserve with care your noble Parts of
speech,

And take it as a maxim to endeavour
To talk as your good mothers used to
teach,

And don't confound the language of the
nation

With long-tail'd words in osity and ation.

A NATIONAL WORK.

I think that Poets (whether Whig or Tory)
(Whether they go to meeting or to church)
Should study to promote their country's
glory

With patriotic, diligent research;
That children yet unborn may learn the
story,

With grammars, dictionaries, canes, and
birch:

It stands to reason—This was Homer's plan,
And we must do—like him—the best we
can.

Madoc and Marmion, and many more,
Are out in print, and most of them have
sold;

Perhaps together they may make a score;
Richard the First has had his story told,
But there were Lords and Princes long
before,

That had behaved themselves like warriors
bold;

Among the rest there was the great King
Arthur,

What hero's fame was ever carried farther?

King Arthur, and the Knights of his
Round Table,

Were reckon'd the best King, and bravest
Lords,

A NATIONAL WORK

Of all that flourish'd since the Tower of
Babel,

At least of all that history records;
Therefore I shall endeavour, if I'm able,
To paint their famous actions by my
words:

Heroes exert themselves in hopes of Fame,
And having such a strong decisive claim,

It grieves me much, that Names that were
respected

In former ages, Persons of such mark,
And Countrymen of ours, should lie
neglected,

Just like old portraits lumbering in the
dark:

An error such as this should be corrected,
And if my Muse can strike a single spark,
Why then (as poets say) I'll string my
lyre;

And then I'll light a great poetic Fire;

I'll air them all, and rub down the Round
Table,

And wash the Canvas clean, and scour the
Frames,

And put a coat of varnish on the Fable,
And try to puzzle out the Dates and
Names;

A NATIONAL WORK

Then (as I said before) I'll heave my
cable,

And take a pilot, and drop down the
Thames.

—These first eleven stanzas make a
Proem,

And now I must sit down and write my
Poem.

John Hookham Frere.

Milton

The Splendid Shilling

Happy the Man, who void of Cares and
Strife,
In silken, or in Leathern Purse retains
A *Splendid Shilling*: he nor hears with
Pain
New Oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful
Ale;
But with his friends, when Nightly Mists
arise,
To *Juniper's-Magpye*, or *Town-Hall* re-
pairs:
Where, mindful of the Nymph, whose
wanton eye
Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled Amorous
Flames,
CHLOE, or PHILLIS; he each Circling Glass
Wisheth her Health, and Joy, and equal
Love.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING

Mean while, he smoaks, and laughs at
merry Tale,

Or *pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrum* quaint.
But I, whom griping Penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure Attendant upon Want,
With scanty Offals, and small acid Tiff
(Wretched Repast!) my meagre Corps
sustain:

Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In Garret vile, and with a warming Puff
Regale chill'd Fingers; or from Tube as
black

As Winter-Chimney, or well-polish'd Jet,
Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming Scent:
Not blacker Tube, nor of a shorter Size
Smoaks *Cambro-Britain* (vers'd in *Pedi-*
gree,

Sprung from *Cadwalader* and *Arthur*,
Kings

Full famous in *Romantick Tale*) when
he

O'er many a craggy Hill and barren Cliff,
Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Cestrian* Cheese,
High over-shadowing Rides, with a de-
sign

To vend his Wares, or at th' *Arvonian*
Mart,

Or *Maridunum*, or the Ancient Town
Yclip'd *Brechinia*, or where *Vaga's* Stream
Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful Soil!

THE SPLENDID SHILLING

Whence flow Nectareous Wines, that well
may vie

With *Massic*, *Setin*, or renown'd *Falerin*.

Thus, while my joyless Minutes tedious
flow,

With Looks demure, and silent Pace, a

Dun

Horrible Monster! hated by Gods and
Men,

To my Aerial Citadel ascends,

With Vocal Heel thrice thund'ring at my

Gate,

With hideous Accent Thrice he calls; I

know

The Voice ill-boding, and the solemn

Sound.

What shou'd I do? or whither turn?

Amaz'd,

Confounded, to the dark Recess I fly

Of Woodhole; strait my bristling Hairs

erect

Thro' sudden Fear; a chilly Sweat be-

dews

My shud'ring Limbs, and (wonderful to

tell!)

My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech;

So horrible he seems! his faded Brow

Entrench'd with many a Frown, and Conic

Beard,

THE *SPLENDID* SHILLING

And spreading Band, admir'd by Modern
Saints,
Disastrous Acts forebode; in his Right
Hand

Long Scrolls of Paper solemnly he waves,
With Characters, and Figures dire in-
scrib'd,

Grievous to Mortal Eyes; (ye Gods avert
Such Plagues from Righteous Men!) Be-
hind him stalks

Another Monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the Vulgar call'd
A *Catchpole*, whose polluted Hands the
Gods

With Force incredible, and Magick Charms
Erst have endu'd, if he his ample Palm
Should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
Of Debtor, 'strait his Body to the Touch
Obsequious, (as' whilom Knights were
wont)

To some Inchantèd Castle is convey'd,
Where Gates impregnable, and coercive
Chains

In Durance strict detain him, till in form
Of Money, PALLAS sets the Captive free.

Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk be-
ware,

Be circumspect; oft with insidious Ken
This Caitif eyes your Steps aloof, and oft

THE *SPLENDID* SHILLING

Lies perdue in a Nook, or gloomy Cave,
Prompt to inchant some inadvertent
Wretch

With his unhallow'd Touch: So (Poets
sing)

Grimalkin to Domestick Vermin sworn
An everlasting Foe, with watchful Eye
Lies Nightly brooding o'er a chinky Gap
Protending her fell Claws, to thoughtless
Mice

Sure Ruin. So her disembowell'd Web
Arachne in a Hall, or Kitchin spreads,
Obvious to vagrant Flies: She secret
stands

Within her woven Cell; the Humming
Prey,

Regardless of their Fate, rush on the Toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail

Their Arts, or Arms, or Shapes of lovely
Hue;

The Wasp insidious, and the buzzing
Drone,

And Butterfly proud of expanded Wings
Distinct with Gold, entangled in her
Snares,

Useless Resistance make: With eager
Strides,

She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils;
Then, with envenomed Jaws the vital
Blood

THE SPLENDID SHILLING

Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
Their bulky Carcasses triumphant drags!

So pass my Days. But when Nocturnal
Snades

This World envelop, and th' inclement Air
Persuades Men to repel benumbing Frosts
With pleasant Wines, and crackling Blaze
of Wood;

Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering
Light

Of Make-weight Candle, nor the joyous
Talk

Of loving Friend delights; distress'd, for-
lorn,

Amidst the Horrors of the tedious Night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal

Thoughts
My anxious Mind; or sometimes mourn-
ful Verse

Indite, and sing of Groves and Myrtle
Shades,

Or desperate Lady near a purling Stream
Or Lover pendant on a Willow-Tree.

Mean while, I labour with eternal Drought,
And restless with, and rave; my parched
Throat

Finds no Relief, nor heavy Eyes Repose:
But if a Slumber haply does invade
My weary Limbs, my Fancy's still awake,

THE SPLENDID SHILLING

Thoughtful of Drink, and eager, in a
Dream;
Tipples, imaginary Pots of Ale,
In vain; awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant Phantom
curse.

Thus do I Live from Pleasure quite
debarr'd,
Nor taste the Fruits that the Sun's genial
Rays
Mature, *John-Apple*, nor the downy *Peach*,
Nor *Walnut* in rough-furrow'd Coat secure,
Nor *Medlar-Fruit*, delicious in decay:
Afflictions great! yet Greater still remain:
My *Galligaskins* that have long withstood
The Winter's Fury, and incroaching Frosts,
By Time subdu'd, (what will not Time
subdue!)

An horrid Chasm disclose, with Orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the Winds
Eurus and *Auster*, and the dreadful Force
Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian*
Waves,

Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blasts,
Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught
Ship

Long fail'd secure, or thro' th' Aegean
Deep,

Or the *Ionian*, till Cruising near

THE SPLENDID SHILLING

The *Lilybean* Shore, with hideous Crush
On *Scylla*, or *Charybdis* (dang'rous Rocks)
She strikes rebounding, whence the shat-
ter'd Oak,
So fierce a Shock unable to withstand,
Admits the Sea; in at the gaping Side
The crowding Waves gush with impetuous
Rage,
Resistless, Overwhelming; Horrors seize
The Mariners, Death in their Eyes appears.
They Stare, they Lave, they Pump, they
Swear, they Pray:
(Vain Efforts!) still the battering Waves
rush in,
Implacable, till delug'd by the Foam,
The Ship sinks found'ring in the vast
Abyss.

John Philips.

Robert Burton.

Hypochondriacus

By myself walking,
To myself talking;
When as I ruminate
On my untoward fate,
Scarcely seem I
Alone sufficiently,
Black thoughts continually
Crowding my privacy;
They come unbidden,
Like foe at a wedding,
Thrusting their faces
In better guests' places,
Peevish and malcontent,
Clownish, impertinent,
Dashing the merriment:
So in like fashion
Dim cogitations
Follow and haunt me,
Striving to daunt me,

HYPOCHONDRIACUS

In my heart festering,
In my ears whispering,
"Thy friends are treacherous,
Thy foes are dangerous,
Thy dreams ominous".
Fierce Anthropophagi
Spectra, Diaboli,
What scared St. Anthony,
Hobgoblins, Lemures,
Dreams of Antipodes,
Night-riding Incubi,
Troubling the fantasy,
All dire illusions
Causing confusions;
Figments heretical,
Scruples fantastical,
Doubts diabolical,
Abaddon vexeth me,
Malice perplexeth me,
Lucifer teareth me —

*Jesu! Maria! liberate nos ab his diris
tentationibus Inimici.*

Charles Lamb.

Pope

The Pipe of Tobacco:
Imitation V

*Solis ad ortus
Vanescit fumus.*

Lucan.

Blest leaf! whose aromattick gales dispense
To templars modesty, to parsons sense:
So raptur'd priests, at fam'd Dodona's
shrine

Drank inspiration from the steam divine.
Poison that cures, a vapour that affords
Content, more solid than the smile of lords:
Rest to the weary, to the hungry food,
The last kind refuge of the wise and good.
Inspir'd by thee, dull cits adjust the scale
Of Europe's peace, when other statesmen
fail.

By thee protected, and thy sister, beer,
Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near.

THE PIPE OF TOBACCO

Nor less the critick owns thy genial aid,
While supperless he plies the piddling trade.
What tho' to love and soft delights a foe,
By ladies hated, hated by the beau,
Yet social freedom, long to court unknown,
Fair health, fair truth, and virtue are thy
own.

Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,
And let me taste thee unexcis'd by kings.

Isaac Hawkins Browne.

**Imitation of Pope:
A Compliment to
the Ladies**

Wondrous the gods, more wondrous are
the men,
More wondrous, wondrous still, the cock
and hen,
More wondrous still, the table, stool and
chair;
But ah! more wondrous still the charming
fair.

William Blake.

Thomson

A Pipe of Tobacco. Imitation III

*Prorumpit adaethera nubem
Turbine fumantem piceo.*

Virgil.

O'thou, matur'd by glad Hesperian suns,
Tobacco, fountain pure of *limpid truth*,
That looks the very soul; whence pouring
thought

Swarms all the mind; absorpt is yellow
care,

And at each puff imagination burns.

Flash on thy bard, and with exalting fires
Touch the mysterious lip that chaunts thy
praise,

In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown.
Behold an engine, wrought from tawny
mines

Of ductile clay, with *plastic virtue* form'd,

A PIPE OF TOBACCO

And glaz'd magnifick o'er, I grasp, I fill,
From *Paetotheke* with pungent pow'rs
perfum'd,

Itself one tortoise all, where shines imbib'd
Each parent ray; then rudely ram'd illume,
With the red touch of zeal enkindling
sheet,

Mark'd with Gibsonian lore; forth issue
clouds,

Thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting clouds
around,

And many-mining fires; I all the while,
Lolling at ease, *inhale* the breezy balm;
But chief, when *Bacchus waits with thee*
to join,

In genial strife and orthodoxal ale,
Stream life and joy into the Muse's bowl.

Oh be thou still my great inspirer, thou
My Muse; oh fan me with thy zephyrs
boon,

While I, in clouded tabernacle shrin'd
Burst for all oracle and mystick song.

Isaac Hawkins Browne.

Gray

Evening: an Elegy

BY A POETICAL
CARMAN.

Apollo now, Sol's carman, drives his stud
Home to the mews that's seated in the
west,
And Custom's clerks, like him, through
Thames Street mud,
Now westerling wend, in Holland trousers
dress'd.

So from the stands the empty carts are
dragg'd,
The horses homeward to their stables go,
And mine, with hauling heavy hogsheads
fagg'd,
Prepare to take the luxury of—"Wo!"

EVENING

Now from the slaughter-houses cattle roar,
Knowing that with the morn their lives
they yields,
And Mr. Sweetman's gig is at the door
To take him to his house in Hackney
Fields.

Closed are the gates of the West India
Docks,
Rums, Sugars, Coffees, find at length
repose,
And I, with other careless carmen, flocks
To the King's Head, the Chequers, or
the Rose.

They smoke a pipe—the shepherd's pipe I
wakes,
Them skittles pleases—me the Muse
invites,
They in their ignorance to drinking takes,
I bless'd with learning, takes a pen
and writes.

Horatio Smith.

William Mason

Ode I

I. 1.

Daughter of Chaos and old Night,
Cimerian Muse, all hail!
That wrapt in never-twinkling gloom canst
write,

And shadowest meaning with thy dusky
veil!

What Poet sings, and strikes the strings?
It was the mighty Theban spoke.

He from the ever-living Lyre
With magic hand elicits fire.

Heard ye the din of Modern Rhymer's
bray?

It was cool M——n: or warm G——y,
Involv'd in tenfold smoke.

I. 2.

The shallow Fop, in antic vest,
Tir'd of the beaten road,

WILLIAM MASON, ODE 1

Proud to be singularly drest,
Changes, with every changing moon, the
mode,
Say, shall not then the heav'n-born Muses
too

Variety pursue?

Shall not applauding critics hail the vogue?
Whether the Muse the stile of Cambria's
sons,

Or the rude gabble of the Huns,
Or the broader dialect
Of Caledonia she affect,
Or take, Hibernia, thy still ranker brogue?

I. 3.

On this terrestrial ball
The tyrant, Fashion, governs all.
She, fickle Goddess, whom, in days of yore,
The Idiot Moria, on the banks of Seine,
Unto an antic fool, hight Andrew, bore.

Long she paid him with disdain,
And long his pangs in silence he conceal'd:
At length, in happy hour, his love-sick
pain

On thy blest Calends, April, he reveal'd.

From their embraces sprung,
Ever changing, ever ranging,
Fashion, Goddess ever young.

WILLIAM MASON, ODE I

II. 1.

Perch'd on the dubious height, she loves
to ride,
Upon a weathercock, astride.
Each blast that blows, around she goes,
While nodding o'er her crest,
Emblem of her magic pow'r,
The light Cameleon stands confest,
Changing its hues a thousand times an
hour,
And in a vest is she array'd,
Of many a dancing moonbeam made,
Nor zoneless is her waist:
But fair and beautiful, I ween,
As the cestos-cinctur'd Queen,
Is with the Rainbow's shadowy girdle
brac'd.

II. 2.

She bids pursue the fav'rite road
Of lofty cloud-capt Ode,
Meantime each Bard, with eager speed,
Vaults on the Pagsean Steed:
Yet not that Pegasus, of yore
Which th' illustrious Pindar bore,
But one of nobler breed.
High blood and youth his lusty veins
inspire.

WILLIAM MASON, ODE 1

From Tottipontimoy He came,
Who knows not, Tottipontimoy, thy name?
The bloody-shoulder'd Arab was his Sire.
His White-nose. He on fam'd Doncastria's
plains

Resign'd his fated breath:
In vain for life the struggling courser strains.

Ah! who can run the race with death?

The tyrant's speed, or man or steed,
Strives all in vain to fly.

He leads the chace, he wins the race,
We stumble, fall, and die.

II. 3.

Third from White-nose springs

Pegasus with eagle wings!

Light o'er the plain, as dancing cork,

With many a bound he beats the ground,

While all the Turf with acclamation rings!

He won Northampton, Lincoln, Oxford,
York:

He too Newmarket won.

There's Granta's Son,

Seiz'd on the Steed;

And thence him led, (so fate decreed)

To where old Cam, renown'd in poet's song,

With his dark and inky waves,

Either bank in silence laves,

Winding low his sluggish streams along.

WILLIAM MASON, ODE 1

III. 1.

What stripling neat, of visage sweet,
In trimmest guise array'd,
First the neighing Steed assay'd?
His hand a taper switch adorns, his heel
Sparkles refulgent with elastick steel:
The whiles he wins his whiffing way,
Prancing, ambling round and round,
By hill, and dale, and mead, and greensward
gay:
Till sated with the pleasing ride,
From the lofty Steed dismounting,
He lies along, enwrap't in conscious pride,
By gurgling rill, or crystal fountain.

III. 2.

Lo! next a Bard, secure of praise;
His self-complacent countenance displays
His broad Mustachios, ting'd with golden
dye,
Flame, like a meteor, to the troubled air:
Proud his demeanor, and his eagle eye,
O'erhung with lavish lid, yet shone with
glorious glare,
The grizzle grace
Of bushy peruke shadow'd o'er his face.
In large wide boots, whose ponderous
weight

WILLIAM MASON, ODE

Would sink each wight of modern
date,

He rides, well pleas'd. So large a
pair

Not Garagantua's self might wear:

Not He, of nature fierce and cruel,

Who, if we trust to antient Ballad,

Devour'd Three Pilgrims in a Sallad;

Nor He of fame germane, hight Panta-
gruel.

III. 3.

Accoutred thus, th' adventrous Youth?
Seeks not the velvet lawn, or velvet mead,
Fast by whose side clear streams meand-
ring creep;

But urges on amain the fiery Steed
Up Snowdon's shaggy side, or Cambrian
rock uncouth:

Where the venerable herd
Of Goats, with long and sapient beard,
And wanton Kidlings their blithe revels
keep.

Now up the mountain see him strain!

Now down the vale he's tost,

Now flashes on the fight again,

Now in the Palpable Obscure quite lost.

WILLIAM MASON, ODE 1

IV. 1.

Man's feeble race eternal dangers wait,
With high or low, all, all, is woe,
Disease, mischance, pale fear, and dubious
fate.

But, o'er every peril bending,
Ambition views not all the hills surrounding,
And, tiptoe on the mountain's steep,
Reflects not on the yawning deep.

IV. 2.

See, see, he soars! With mighty wings
Outspread,
And long resounding mane,
The Courser quits the plain.
Aloft in air, see, see him bear
The Bard, who shrouds
His lyric Glory in the clouds,
Too fond to strike the stars with lofty
head!
He topples headlong from the giddy height,
Deep in the Cambrian Gulph immerg'd
in endless night.

IV. 3.

O Steed Divine! what daring spirit
Rides thee now? tho' he inherit

WILLIAM MASON, ODE I

Nor the pride, nor self-opinion,
Which elate the mighty Pair,
Each of Taste the fav'rite minion,
Prancing thro' the desert air;
By help mechanick of Equestrian Block,
Yet shall he mount, with classick housings
grac'd,
And, all unheedful of the Critick Mock,
Drive his light Courser o'er the bounds
of Taste.

*Robert Lloyd and George Colman
the Younger.*

Ossian

Number V. Duan.

In the True
Ossian Sublimity

BY MR. MACPHERSON

Does the wind touch thee, O Harp?
Or is it some passing Ghost?
Is it thy hand,
Spirit of the departed *Scrutiny*?
Bring me the Harp, pride of Chatham!
Snow is on thy bosom,
Maid of the modest eye!
A song shall rise!
Every soul shall depart at the sound!!!
The wither'd thistle shall crown my head!!!
I behold thee, O King!
I behold thee sitting on mist!!!
Thy form is like a watery cloud,
Singing in the deep like an oyster!!!

DUAN

Thy face is like the beams of the setting
moon!

Thy eyes are of two decaying flames!

Thy nose is like the spear of Rollo!!!

Thy ears are like three bossy shields!!!

Strangers shall rejoice at thy chin!

The ghosts of dead Tories shall hear me

In their airy hall!

The wither'd thistle shall crown my head!

Bring me the Harp,

Son of Chatham!

But thou, O King! give me the Laurel!

J. Macpherson.

Dr. Erasmus Darwin

The Loves of the Triangles

A MATHEMATICAL AND
PHILOSOPHICAL POEM. IN-
SCRIBED TO DR. DARWIN

Canto I

Stay your rude steps, or e'er your feet
 invade
The Muses' haunts, ye Sons of War and
 Trade!
Nor you, ye Legion Fiends of Church
 and Law,
Pollute these pages with unhallow'd paw!

Debased, corrupted, grovelling, and con-
 fined,
No DEFINITIONS touch *your* senseless mind;
To *you* no POSTULATES prefer their claim,
No ardent AXIOMS *your* dull soul inflame;

LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES

For *you* no TANGENTS touch, no ANGLES
meet,

No CIRCLES join in osculation sweet!

For *me*, ye CISSOIDS, round my temples
bend

Your wandering CURVES; ye CONCHOIDS
extend;

Let playful PENDULES quick vibration
feel.

While silent CYCLOIS rests upon her wheel;

Let HYDROSTATICS, simpering as they go,

Lead the light Naiads on fantastic toe;

Let shrill ACOUSTICS tune the tiny lyre;

With EUCLID sage fair ALGEBRA conspire;

The obedient pulley strong MECHANICS ply,

And wanton OPTICS roll the melting eye!

I see the fair fantastic forms appear,

The flaunting drapery and the languid
leer;

Fair sylphish forms—who, tall, erect, and
slim,

Dart the keen glance, and stretch the length
of limb;

To viewless harpings weave the meaningless
dance,

Wave the gay wreath, and titter as they
prance.

LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES

Such rich confusion charms the ravish'd
sight,
When vernal Sabbaths to the Park invite,
Mounts the thick dust, the coaches crowd
along,
Presses round Grosvenor Gate the im-
patient throng;
White muslin'd misses and mammas are
seen,
Link'd with gay Cockneys-glittering o'er
the green:
The rising breeze unnumber'd charms dis-
plays,
And the tight ankle strikes the astonish'd
gaze.
But chief, thou Nurse of the Didactic
Muse,
Divine NONSENSIA, all thy sense infuse;
The charms of SECANTS and of TANGENTS
tell,
How LOVES and GRACES in an ANGLE
dwell;
How slow progressive *Points* protract the
Line,
As pendant spiders spin the filmy twine;
How, lengthen'd *Lines*, impetuous sweep-
ing round,
Spread the wide *Plane*, and mark its circling
bound;

LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES

How *Planes*, their substance with their
motion grown,
From the huge *Cube*, the *Cylinder*, the
Cone.

Lo! where the chimney's sooty tube as-
cends,
The fair *TROCHAS* from the corner bends!
Her coal-black eyes upturn'd, incessant
mark
The eddying smoke, quick flame, and vo-
lucrant spark;
Mark with quick ken, where flashing in
between

Her much-loved *Smoke-Jack* glimmers
thro' the scene;
Mark, how his various parts together
tend,
Point to one purpose,—in one object end:
The spiral *grooves* in; smooth meanders
flow,
Drags the long *chain*, the polish'd axles
glow,
While slowly circumvolves the piece of beef
below:
The conscious fire with bickering radiance
burns,
Eyes the rich joint, and roasts it as it
turns.

So youthful Horner roll'd the roguish eye,

LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES

Cull'd the dark plum from out his Christ-
mas pye,
And cried in self-applause—"How good a
boy am I".

So she, sad victim of domestic spite,
Fair Cinderella, past the wintry night,
In the lone chimney's darksome nook im-
mured,
Her form disfigured and her charms ob-
scured.
Sudden her God-mother appears in sight,
Lifts the charm'd rod, and chants the mystic
rite.

The chanted rite the maid attentive hears;
And feels new ear-rings deck her listening
ears;
While 'midst her towering tresses, aptly set,
Shines bright with quivering glance, the
smart aigrette;
Brocaded silks the splendid dress complete,
And the Glass Slipper grasps her fairy feet.
Six cock-tail'd mice transport her to the
ball,
And liveried lizards wait upon her call.

Alas! that partial Science should approve
The sly RECTANGLE'S too licentious love!
For three bright nymphs, &c. &c.

John Hookham Frere.

Della Crusca

Drury's Dirge

BY LAURA MATILDA

"You praise our sires: but though they wrote with
force,

Their rhymes were vicious, and their diction coarse:

We want their *strength*, agreed; but we atone

For that and more, by *sweetness* all our own."

—Gifford.

I

Balmy Zephyrs, lightly flitting,
Shade me with your azure wing;
On Parnassus' summit sitting,
Aid me, Clio, while I sing.

II

Softly slept the dome of Drury
O'er the empyreal crest,
When Alecto's sister-fury
Softly slumb'ring sunk to rest.

DRURY'S DIRGE

III

Lo! from Lemnos limping lamely,
Lags the Lowly Lord of Fire,
Cytherea yielding tamely
To the Cyclops dark and dire.

IV

Clouds of amber, dreams of gladness,
Dulcet joys and sports of youth,
Soon must yield to haughty sadness;
Mercy holds the veil to Truth.

V

See Erostratus the second
Fires again Diana's fane;
By the Fates from Orcus beckon'd,
Clouds envelop Drury Lane.

VI

Lurid smoke and frank suspicion
Hand in hand reluctant dance:
While the God fulfils his mission,
Chivalry, resign thy lance.

VII

Hark! the engines blandly thunder,
Fleecy clouds dishevell'd lie,

DRURY'S DIRGE

And the firemen, mute with wonder,
On the son of Saturn cry.

VIII

See the bird of Ammon sailing,
Perches on the engine's peak,
And the Eagle firemen hailing,
Soothes them with its bickering beak.

IX

Juno saw, and mad with malice,
Lost the prize that Paris gave;
Jealousy's ensanguined chalice,
Mantling pours the orient wave.

Pan beheld Patroclus dying,
Nox to Niobe was turn'd:
From Busiris Bacchus flying,
Saw his Semele inurn'd:

XI

Thus fell Drury's lofty glory,
Levell'd with the shuddering stones;
Mars, with tresses black and gory,
Drinks the dew of pearly groans.

DRURY'S DIRGE

XII

Hark! what soft Eolian numbers
Gem the blushes of the morn!
Break, Amphion, break your slumbers,
Nature's ringlets deck the thorn.

XIII

Ha! I hear the strain erratic
Dimly glance from pole to pole;
Raptures sweet and dreams ecstatic
Fire my everlasting soul.

XIV

Where is Cupid's crimson motion?
Billowy ecstasy of woe,
Bear me straight, meandering ocean,
Where the stagnant torrents flow.

XV

Blood in every vein is gushing;
Vixen vengeance lulls my heart!
See, the Gorgon gang is rushing!
Never, never let us part!

Horace Smith.

Naenia

O quot odoriferi volitatis in aëre venti,
 Caeruleum tegmen vestra sit ala mihi:
 Tuque sedens Parnassus ubi caput erigit
 ingens,

Dextra veni, Clío: teque decente canam.

Jam suaves somnos Tholus affectare
 Theatri

Cooperat, igniflui trans laqueare poli:
 Alectōs consanguineam quo tempore Erin-
 nyn,

Suave soporata, coepit adire quies.

Lustra sed ecce labans claudo pede Lemnia
 linquit

Luridus (at lente lugubriterque) Deus:
 Amisit veterēs, amisit inultus, amores;
 Teter habet Venerem terribilisque Cy-
 clops.

Electri nebulas, potioraque somnia vero;
 Quotque placent pueris gaudia, quotque
 joci;

NAENIA

Omnia tristiciae fas concessisse superbae :
Admissum Pietas scitque premitque nefas.

Respice ! Nonne vides ut Erostratus alter
ad aedem

Rursus agat flammās, spreta Diana,
tuam ?

Mox, Acheronteis quas Parca eduxit ab
antris,

Druriacam nubes corripuere domum.

O ubi purpurei motus pueri alitis ? o qui
Me mihi turbineis surripis, angor, aquis !
Duc, labyrinthum, duc me, mare, tramite
recto

Quo rapidi fontes, pigra caterva, ruunt !

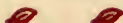
Jamque — soporat enim pectus Vindicta
Virago ;

Omnibus a venis sanguinis unda salit ;
Gorgoneique greges praeceps (adverte !)
feruntur—

Sim, precor, o ! semper sim tibi junctus
ego.

Charles Stuart Calverley.

Sonnet IV of the Amatory Poems of Abel Shufflebottom:



THE POET EXPRESSES
HIS FEELINGS RESPECT-
ING A PORTRAIT IN
DELIA'S PARLOUR

I would I were that portly gentleman
With gold-laced hat and golden-headed
cane,
Who hangs in Delia's parlour! For
whene'er •
From books or needlework her looks
arise,
On him CONVERGE THE SUNBEAMS OF HER
EYES,
And he UNBLAMED may gaze upon MY
FAIR,
And oft MY FAIR his FAVOUR'D form
surveys.
O HAPPY PICTURE! still on HER to gaze;
I envy him! and jealous fear alarms,
Lest the STRONG *glance* of those *divinest*
charms

SONNET

WARM HIM TO LIFE, as in the ancient
days,
When MARBLE MELTED in Pygmalion's
arms.
I would I were that portly gentleman
With gold-laced hat and golden-headed
cane.



Robert Southey.

Crabbe

The Theatre

Interior of a Theatre described. Pit gradually fills. The Check-taker. Pit full. The Orchestra tuned. One Fiddle rather dilatory. Is re-proved,—and repents. Evolutions of a Play-bill. Its final Settlement on the Spikes. The Gods taken to task—and why. Motley Group of Playgoers. Holywell Street, St. Pancras. Emanuel Jennings binds his Son apprentice—not in London—and why. Episode of the Hat.

'Tis sweet to view, from half-past five to
six,
Our long wax-candles, with short cotton
wicks,
Touch'd by the lamplighter's Promethean
art,
Start into light, and make the lighter
start;

THE THEATRE

To see red Phoebus through the gallery-
pane
Tinge with his beams the beams of
Drury Lane;
While gradual parties fill our widen'd pit,
And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere
they sit.

At first, while vacant seats give choice
and ease,
Distant or near, they settle where they
please;
But when the multitude contracts the
span,
And seats are rare, they settle where they
can.

Now the full benches to late-comers doom
No room for standing, miscall'd *standing*
room.

Hark! the check-taker moody silence
breaks,
And bawling "Pit full!" gives the check
he takes;

Yet onward still the gathering numbers
cram,

Contending crowd's shout the frequent
damn,

And all is bustle, squeeze, row, jabber-
ing, and jam.

THE THEATRE

See to their desks Apollo's sons repair—
Swift rides the rosin o'er the horse's
hair!

In unison their various tones to tune,
Murmurs the hautboy, growls the hoarse
bassoon;

In soft vibrating sighs the whispering
lute,

Tang goes the harpsichord, too-too the
flute,

Brays the loud trumpet, squeaks the
fiddle sharp,

Winds the French-horn, and twangs the
tingling harp;

Till like great Jove, the leader, fingering
in,

Attunes to order the chaotic din.

Now all seems hush'd—but, no, one
fiddle will

Give half-ashamed, a tiny flourish still.

Foil'd in his crash, the leader of the clan

Reproves with frown the dilatory man:

Then on his candlestick thrice taps his
bow,

Nods a new signal, and away they go.

Perchance, while pit and gallery cry,
“Hats off!”

And awed Consumption checks his chided
cough,

THE THEATRE

Some giggling daughter of the Queen of
Love

Drops, 'reft of pin, her playbill from
above:

Like Icarus, while laughing galleries
clap,

Soars, ducks, and dives in air the printed
scrap;

But, wiser far than he, combustion fears,
And, as it flies, eludes the chandeliers;

Till, sinking gradual, with repeated twirl,
It settles, curling, on a fiddler's curl;

Who from his powder'd pate the intruder
strikes,

And, for mere malice, sticks it on the
spikes.

Say, why these Babel strains from Babel
tongues?

Who's that calls "Silence!" with such
leathern lungs?

He who, in quest of quiet, "Silence!"
hoots,

Is apt to make the hubbub he imputes.

What various swains our motley walls
contain!—

Fashion from Moorfields, honour from
Chick Lane;

Bankers from Paper Buildings here re-
sort,

THE THEATRE

Bankrupts from Golden Square and
Riches Court;
From the Haymarket canting rogues in
grain,
Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water
Lane;
The lottery-cormorant, the auction shark,
The full-price master and the half-price
clerk;
Boys who long linger at the gallery door,
With pence twice five—they want but
twopence more;
Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
And sends them jumping up the gallery
stairs.

Critics we boast who ne'er their malice
balk,
But talk their minds—we wish they'd
mind their talk;
Big-worded bullies, who by quarrels live—
Who give the lie, and tell the lie they
give;
Jews from St. Mary Axe, for jobs so
wary,
That of old clothes they'd even axe St.
Mary;
And bucks with pockets empty as their
pate,
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait;

THE THEATRE

Who oft, when we our house lock up,
carouse

With tippling tipstaves in a lock-up
house.

Yet here, as elsewhere, Chance can joy
bestow,

Where scowling Fortune seem'd to
threaten woe.

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polish'd Stubbs's shoes.
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest
boy

Up as a corn-cutter—a safe employ;
In Holywell Street, St. Pancras, he was
bred

(At number twenty-seven, it is said),
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's
Head;

He would have bound him to some shop
in town,

But with a premium he could not come
down.

Pat was the urchin's name, a red-hair'd
youth,

Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than
truth.

THE THEATRE

Silence, ye gods! to keep your tongues
in awe,

The Muse shall tell an accident she saw.

Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,
But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his
hat:

Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurn'd the one to settle in the two.

How shall he act? Pay at the gallery-
door

Two shillings for what cost, when new,
but four?

Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,
And gain his hat again at half-past
eight?

Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
John Mullins whispers, "Take my hand-
kerchief."

"Thank you," cried Pat; "but one
won't make a line."

"Take mine," cried Wilson; and cried
Stokes, "Take mine."

A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
Where Spitalfields with real India vies.
Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted
clue,
Starr'd striped, and spotted, yellow, red
and blue,

THE THEATRE

Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
George Green below, with palpitating
hand,
Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's
band—
Up soars the prize! The youth, with joy
unfeign'd,
Regain'd the felt, and felt what he re-
gain'd;
While to the applauding galleries grateful
Pat
Made a low bow, and touch'd the ran-
som'd hat.

James Smith.

Hayley

The Westminster Guide: Part II.

ADDRESSED TO
MR. HAYLEY

To thy candour now, HAYLEY, I offer the
line,
Which after thy model I fain would
refine.
Thy skill, in each trial of melody sweeter,
Can to elegant themes adapt frolicksome
metre;
And at will, with a comic or tender
controul,
Now speak to the humour, and now to
the soul.
We'll turn from the objects of satire and
spleen,
That late, uncontrasted disfigured the
scene;

THE WESTMINSTER GUIDE

To WRAY leave the rage the defeated
attends,
And the conqueror hail in the arms of
his friends;
Count with emulous zeal the selected and
true,
Enroll in the list, and the triumph pursue.
These are friendships that bloomed in the
morning of life,
Those were grafted on thorns midst poli-
tical strife;
Alike they matured from the stem, or the
flower,
Unblighted by int'rest, unshaken by
power.
Bright band! to whose feelings in con-
stancy tried,
Disfavour is glory, oppression is pride; //
Attached to his fortunes, and fond of his
fame,
Vicissitudes pass but to shew you the
same.
But whence this fidelity, new to the age?
Can parts, though sublime, such attach-
ments engage?
No: the dazzle of parts may the passion's
allure,
'Tis the heart of the friend makes
affections endure.

THE WESTMINSTER GUIDE

The heart that intent, on all worth but
its own,
Assists every talent, and arrogates none;
The feeble protects, as it honours the
brave,
Expands to the just, and hates only the
knave.

These are honours, my Fox, that are due
to thy deeds;
But lo! yet a brighter alliance succeeds;
The alliance of beauty in lustre of youth,
That shines on thy cause with the
radiance of truth.

The conviction they feel the fair zealots
impart,
And the eloquent eye sends it home to
the heart.

Each glance has the touch of Ithuriel's
spear,

That no art can withstand, no delusion
can bear,

And the effort of malice and lie of the
day,

Detected and scorned, break like vapour
away.

Avaunt, ye profane! the fair pageantry
moves:

An entry of VENUS, led on by the loves!

THE WESTMINSTER GUIDE

Behold how' the urchins round DEVON-
SHIRE press!

For orders, submissive, her eyes they
address:

She assumes her command with a diffi-
dent smile,

And leads, thus attended, the pride of
the Isle.

Oh! now for the pencil of GUIDO! to
trace

Of KEPPEL the features, of WALDEGRAVES
the grace;

Of FITZROY the bloom the May morning
to vie,

Of SEFTON the air, of DUNCANNON the
eye;

Of LOFTUS the smiles (though with pre-
ference proud,

She gives ten to her husband, for one to
the crowd)

Of PORTLAND the manner, that steals on
the breast,

But is too much her own to be caught
or expressed;

The charms that with sentiment BOUVERIE
blends,

The fairest of forms and the truest of
friends;

THE WESTMINSTER GUIDE

The look that in **WARBURTON**, humble and
 chaste,
 Speaks candour and truth, and discretion
 and taste;
 Or, with equal expression in **HORTON**
 combined,
 Vivacity's dimples with reason refined.

REYNOLDS, haste to my aid, for a figure
 divine,
 Where the pencil of **GUIDO** has yielded to
 thine;
 Bear witness the canvas where **SHERIDAN**
lives,
 And with angels, the lovely competitor,
 strives—
 While Earth claims her beauty and
 Heaven her strain,
 Be it mine to adore every link of the
 chain!

But new claimants appear ere the lyre
 is unstrung,
 Can **PAYNE** be passed by? Shall not
MILNER be sung?
 See **DELME** and **HOWARD**, a favourite
 pair,
 For grace of both classes, the zealous
 and fair—

THE WESTMINSTER GUIDE

A verse for MORANT, like her wit may it
 please,
Another for BRADDYLL of elegant ease,
For BAMFYLDE a simile worthy her frame—
Quick, quick—I have yet half a hundred
 to name—
Not PARNASSUS in concert could answer
 the call,
Nor multiplied muses do justice to all.

Then follow the throng where the festal
 delight
More pleasing than HEBE, CREWE opens
 the night.
Not the goblet nectareous of welcome
 and joy,
That DIDO prepared for the hero of
 TROY;
Not Fiction, describing the banquets
 above,
Where goddesses mix at the table of
 JOVE;
Could afford to the soul more ambrosial
 cheer
Than attends on the fairer associates
 here.
But CREWE, with a mortal's distinction
 content,
Bounds her claim to the rites of this
 happy event;

THE WESTMINSTER GUIDE

For the hero to twine civic garlands of
fame,
With the laurel and rose interweaving
his name,
And while Iō Paeans his merits avow,
As the Queen of the feast, place the
wreath on his brow.

Rolliad.

Wordsworth

The Flying Tailor

BEING A FURTHER EXTRACT
FROM "THE RECLUSE", A POEM

If ever chance or choice thy footsteps lead
Into that green and flowery burial-ground
That compasseth with sweet and mournful
smiles

The Church of Grasmere,—by the eastern
gate

Enter—and underneath a stunted yew,
Some three yards distant from the gravel-
walk,

On the left-hand side, thou wilt espy a
grave,

With unelaborate headstone beautified,
Conspicuous 'mid the other stoneless heaps
'Neath which the children of the valley lie.
There pause—and with no common feelings
read

THE FLYING TAILOR

This short inscription—"Here lies buried
The Flying Tailor, aged twenty-nine!"

Him from his birth unto his death I
knew,
And many years before he had attained
The fulness of his fame; I prophesied
The triumphs of that youth's agility,
And crowned him with that name which
afterwards
He nobly justified—and dying left
To fame's eternal blazon—read it here—
"The Flying Tailor!"

It is somewhat strange
That his mother was a cripple, and his
father
Long way declined into the vale of years,
When their son Hugh was born. At first
the babe
Was sickly, and a smile was seen to pass
Across the midwife's cheek, when, holding
up
The sickly wretch, she to the father said,
"A fine man-child!" What else could they
expect?
The mother being, as I said before,
A cripple, and the father of the child
Long way declined into the vale of years.

THE FLYING TAILOR

But mark the wondrous change—ere he
was put

By his mother into breeches, Nature strung
The muscular part of his economy
To an unusual strength, and he could leap,
All unimpeded by his petticoats,
Over the stool on which his mother sat
When carding wool, or cleansing vegetables,

Or meek performing other household tasks.
Cunning he watched his opportunity,
And oft, as house affairs did call her thence,
Overleapt Hugh, a perfect whirligig,
More than six inches o'er the astonished
stool!

What boots it to narrate, how at leap-frog
Over the breeched and unbreeched villagers
He shone conspicuous? Leap-frog do I
say?

Vainly so named. What though in attitude
The Flying Tailor aped the croaking race
When issuing from the weed-entangled
pool,

Tadpoles no more, they seek the new-
mown fields,

A jocund people, bouncing to and fro
Amid the odorous clover—while amazed
The grasshopper sits idle on the stalk
With folded pinions and forgets to sing.
Frog-like, no doubt, in attitude he was;

THE FLYING TAILOR

But sure his bounds across the village green
Seemed to my soul—(my soul for ever
bright
With purest beams of sacred poesy)—
Like bounds of red deer on the Highland
hill,
When, close environed by the tinchel's
chain,
He lifts his branchy forehead to the sky,
Then o'er the many-headed multitude
Springs belling half in terror, half in
rage,
And fleetier than the sunbeam or the wind
Speeds to his cloud-lair on the mountain-
top.

No more of this—suffice it to narrate,
In his tenth year he was apprenticed
Unto a Master Tailor, by a strong
And regular indenture of seven years,
Commencing from the date the parchment
bore.

And ending on a certain day, that made
The term complete of seven solar years.
Oft have I heard him say, that at this time
Of life he was most wretched; for, con-
strained
To sit all day cross-legged upon a board,
The natural circulation of the blood
Thereby was oft impeded, and he felt

THE FLYING TAILOR

So numbed at times, that when he strove
to rise
Up from his work, he could not, but fell
back
Among the shreds and patches that be-
strewed
With various colours, brightening gor-
geously,
The board all round him—patch of warlike
red
With which he patched the regimental
suits
Of a recruiting military troop,
At that time stationed in a market-town
At no great distance—eke of solemn black
Shreds of no little magnitude, with which
The parson's Sunday coat was then re-
pairing,
That in the new-roofed church he might
appear
With fitting dignity—and gravely fill
The sacred seat of pulpit eloquence,
Cheering with doctrinal point and words
of faith
The poor man's heart, and from the shallow
wit
Of atheist drying up each argument,
Or sharpening his own weapons, only to
turn
Their point against himself, and overthrow

THE FLYING TAILOR

His idols with the very enginery
Reared 'gainst the structure of our English
Church.

Oft too, when striving all he could to
finish

The stated daily task, the needle's point,
Slanting insidious from the eluded stitch,
Hath pinched his finger, by the thimble's
mail

In vain defended, and the crimson blood
Distained the lining of some wedding-suit;
A dismal omen! that to mind like his,
Apt to perceive in slightest circumstance
Mysterious meaning, yielded sore distress
And feverish perturbation, so that oft
He scarce could eat his dinner—nay, one
night

He swore to run from his apprenticeship,
And go on board a first-rate man-of-war,
From Plymouth lately come to Liverpool,
Where, in the stir and tumult of a crew
Composed of many nations, 'mid the roar
Of wave and tempest, and the deadlier voice
Of battle, he might strive to mitigate
The fever that consumed his mighty heart.

But other doom was his. That very
night
A troop of tumblers came into the village,

THE FLYING TAILOR

Tumbler, equestrian, mountebank,—on
wire,
On rope, on horse, with cup and balls,
intent
To please the gaping multitude, and win
The coin from labour's pocket—small
perhaps
Each separate piece of money, but when
joined
Making a good round sum, destined ere
long
All to be melted (so these lawless folk
Name spending coin in loose debauchery),
Melted into ale—or haply stouter cheer,
Gin diuretic, or the liquid flame
Of baneful brandy, by the smuggler brought
From the French coast in shallop many-
oared,
Skulking by night round headland and
through bay,
Afraid of the king's cutter, or the barge
Of cruising frigate, armed with chosen
men,
And with her sweeps across the foamy
waves
Moving most beautiful with measured
strokes.

It chanced that as he threw a somerset
Over three horses (each of larger size

THE FLYING TAILOR

Than our small mountain-breed), one of
the troop

Put out his shoulder, and was otherwise
Considerably bruised, especially
About the loins and back. So he became
Useless unto that wandering company,
And likely to be felt a sore expense
To men just on the eve of bankruptcy;
So the master of the troop determined
To leave him in the workhouse, and pro-
claimed

That if there was a man among the crowd
Willing to fill his place and able too,
Now was the time to show himself. Hugh
Thwaites

Heard the proposal, as he stood apart
Striving with his own soul—and with
a bound,
He leapt into the circle, and agreed
To supply the place of him who had been
hurt.

A shout of admiration and surprise
Then tore heaven's concave, and com-
pletely filled

The little field, where near a hundred
people

Were standing in a circle round and fair.
Oft have I striven by meditative power,
And reason working 'mid the various forms
Of various occupations and professions,

THE FLYING TAILOR

To explain the cause of one phenomenon,
That, since the birth of science, hath remained

A bare enunciation, unexplained
By any theory, or mental light
Streamed on it by the imaginative will,
Or spirit musing in the cloudy shrine,
The penetralia of the immortal soul.

I now allude to that most curious fact,
That 'mid a given number, say threescore,
Of tailors, more men of agility
Will issue out, than from an equal show
From any other occupation—say
Smiths, barbers, bakers, butchers, or the
like.

Let me not seem presumptuous, if I strive
This subject to illustrate; nor, while I give
My meditations to the world, will I
Conceal from it, that much I have to say
I learnt from one who knows the subject
well

In theory and practice—need I name him?
The light-heel'd author of the Isle of
Palms,
Illustrious more for leaping than for song.

First, then, I would lay down this
principle,
That all excessive action by the law
Of nature tends unto repose. This granted,

THE FLYING TAILOR

All action not excessive must partake
The nature of excessive action—so
That in all human beings who keep
moving,
Unconscious cultivation of repose
Is going on in silence. Be it so.
Apply to men of sedentary lives
This leading principle, and we behold
That, active in their inactivity,
And unreposing in their long repose,
They are, in fact, the sole depositaries
Of all the energies by others wasted,
And come at last to teem with impulses
Of muscular motion, not to be withstood,
And either giving vent unto themselves
In numerous feats of wild agility,
Or terminating in despair and death.

Now, of all sedentary lives, none seems
So much so as the tailor's.—Weavers use
Both arms and legs, and, we may safely
add,
Their bodies too, for arms and legs can't
move
Without the body—as the waving branch
Of the green oak disturbs his glossy trunk.
Not so the tailor—for he sits cross-legged,
Cross-legged for ever! save at times of
meals,
In bed, or when he takes his little walk

THE FLYING TAILOR

From shop to alehouse, picking, as he
goes,
Stray patch of fustian, cloth, or cassimere,
Which, as by natural instinct, he discerns,
Though soiled with mud, and by the
passing wheel
Bruised to attenuation 'gainst the stones.

Here then we pause—and need no farther
go;

We have reached the sea-mark of our
utmost sail.

Now let me trace the effect 'upon his mind
Of this despised profession. Deem not
thou,

O rashly deem not, that his boyish days'
Past at the shop-board, when the stripling
bore

With bashful feeling of apprenticeship
The name of Tailor; deem not that his soul
Derived no genial influence from a life,
Which, although haply adverse in the main
To the growth of intellect, and the excur-
sive power,

Yet in its ordinary forms possessed
A constant influence o'er his passing
thoughts,

Moulded his appetences and his will,
And wrought out, by the work of sympathy
Between his bodily and mental form,

THE FLYING TAILOR

Rare correspondence, wondrous unity!
Perfect—complete—and fading not away.
While on his board cross-legged he used to
sit,
Shaping of various garments to his mind,
An image rose of every character
For whom each special article was framed,
Coat, waistcoat, breeches. So at last his
soul
Was like a storehouse, filled with images,
By musing hours of solitude supplied.
Nor did his ready fingers shape the cut
Of villager's uncouth habiliments
With greater readiness, than did his mind
Frame corresponding images of those
Whose corporal measurement the neat-
marked paper
In many a mystic notch for aye retained!
Hence, more than any man I ever knew,
Did he possess the power intuitive
Of diving into character. A pair
Of breeches, to his philosophic eye,
Were not what unto other folks they seem;
Mere simple breeches, but in them he saw
The symbol of the soul—mysterious, high
Hieroglyphics! such as Egypt's Priest
Adored upon the holy Pyramid,
Vainly imagined tomb of monarchs old,
But raised by wise philosophy, that sought
By darkness to illumine, and to spread.

THE FLYING TAILOR

Knowledge by dim concealment—process
high
Of man's imaginative, deathless soul.
Nor, haply, in the abasement of the life
Which stern necessity had made his own,
Did he not recognize a genial power
Of soul-ennobling fortitude. He heard
Unmoved the witling's shallow contumely,
And thus, in spite of nature, by degrees
He saw a beauty and a majesty
In this despised trade, which warrior's
brow
Hath rarely circled—so that when he sat
Beneath his sky-light window, he hath
cast
A gaze of triumph on the godlike sun,
And felt that orb, in all his annual round,
Beheld no happier, nobler character,
Than him, Hugh Thwaites, a little tailor
boy.

Thus I, with no unprofitable song,
Have, in the silence of the umbrageous
wood,
Chaunted the heroic youthful attributes
Of him the Flying Tailor. Much remains
Of highest argument, to lute or lyre
Fit to be murmured with impassioned
voice;
And when, by timely supper and by sleep

THE FLYING TAILOR

Refreshed, I turn me to the welcome task,
With lofty hopes,—Reader, do thou expect
The final termination of my lay.

For, mark my words.—eternally my name
Shall last on earth, conspicuous like a star
'Mid that bright galaxy of favoured spirits,
Who, laughed at constantly whene'er they
published,

Survived the impotent scorn of base
Reviews;

Monthly or Quarterly, or that accursed
Journal, the Edinburgh Review, that lives
On tears, and sighs, and groans, and
brains, and blood.

James Hogg

The Baby's Debut

BY W. W.

"Thy lisping prattle and thy mincing gait,
All thy false mimic fooleries I hate;
For thou art Folly's counterfeit, and she
Who is right foolish hath the better plea:
Nature's true idiot I prefer to thee."

—Cumberland.

*[Spoken in the character of Nancy Lake, a
girl eight years of age, who is drawn
upon the stage in a child's chaise by
Samuel Hughes, her uncle's porter.]*

My brother Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on New-year's-day;
So in Kate Wilson's shop
Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)
Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is,—
He thinks mine came to more than his;
So to my drawer he goes,

THE BABY'S DEBUT

Takes out the doll, and, O, my stars!
He pokes her head between the bars,
And melts off half her nose!

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
And tie it to his peg-top's peg,
And bang, with might and main,
Its head against the parlour-door;
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
And breaks a window-pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite:
Well, let him cry, it serves him right.

A pretty thing, forsooth!
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,
Half my doll's nose, and I am not
To draw his peg-top's tooth!

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried, "O naughty Nancy Lake,
Thus to distress your aunt:
No Drury Lane for you to-day!"
And while papa said, "Pooh, she may!"
Mamma said, "No, she shan't!"

Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney coach,
And trotted down the street.
I saw them go: one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet.

THE BABY'S DEBUT

The chaise in which poor brother Bill
Used to be drawn to Pentonville,
 Stood in the lumber-room:

I wiped the dust from off the top,
While Molly mopp'd it with a mop,
 And brush'd it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,
Came in at six to black the shoes,
 (I always talk to Sãm:)

So what does he, but takes, and drags,
Me in the chaise along the flags,
 And leaves me where I am.

My father's walls are made of brick,
But not so tall and not so thick
 As these; and, goodness me!

My father's beams are made of wood,
But never, never half so good
 As those that now I see.

What a large floor! 'tis like a town!
The carpet, when they lay it down,
 Won't hide it, I'll be bound;
And there's a row of lamps!—my eye!
How they do blaze! I wonder why
 They keep them on the ground.

At first I caught hold of the wing,
And kept away; but Mr. Thing-
 -umbob, the prompter man,

THE BABY'S DEBUT

Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
And said, "Go on, my pretty love;
"Speak to 'em, little Nan.

"You've only got to curtsey, whisp-
-er, hold your chin up, laugh, and lisp,
And you are sure to take:
I've known the day when brats, not quite
Thirteen, got fifty pounds a-night;
Then why not Nancy Lake?"

But while I'm speaking, where's papa?
And where's my aunt? and where's
mamma?

Where's Jack? O, there they sit!
They smile, they nod, I'll go my ways,
And order round poor Billy's chaise,
To join them in the pit.

And now, good gentlefolk, I go
To join mamma, and see the show:

So, bidding you adieu,
I curtsey like a pretty miss,
And if you'll blow to me a kiss,
I'll blow a kiss to you.

James Smith.

On Oxford

A PARODY :

The Gothic looks solemn,
The Plain Doric column
Supports an old Bishop and Crozier;
The mouldering arch,
Shaded o'er by a larch
Stands next door to Wilson the Hosier.

Vicê—that is, by turns,—
O'er pale faces mourns
The black tasselled trencher and common
hat ;

The Chantry boy sings
The Steeple-bell rings,
And as for the Chancellor—*dominat.*

There are plenty of trees,
And plenty of ease,
And plenty of fat deer for Parsons;
And when it is venison,
Short is the bension,—
Then each on a leg or thigh fastens.

John Keats.

A Sonnet

Two voices are there : one is of the deep ;
It learns the storm-cloud's thunderous
melody,
Now roars, now murmurs with the chang-
ing sea,
Now bird-like pipes, now closes soft in
sleep :
And one is of an old half-witted sheep
Which bleats articulate monotony,
And indicates that two and one are three,
That grass is green, lakes damp, and
mountains steep :
And, Wordsworth, both are thine : at cer-
tain times
Forth from the heart of thy melodious
rhymes,
The form and pressure of high thoughts
will burst :
At other times—good Lord ! I'd rather be
Quite unacquainted with the A B C
Than write such hopeless rubbish as thy
worst.

James Kenneth Stephen.

Malvolio

Thou hast been very tender to the moon,
Malvolio! or on many a daffodil
And many a daisy hast thou yearned,
until
The nether jaw quivered with thy good
heart;
But tell me now, Malvolio, tell me true,
Hast thou not sometimes driven from
their play
The village children, when they came too
near
Thy study, if hit ball raised shouts
around,
Or if delusive trap shook off thy muse,
Pregnant with wonders for another age?
Hast thou sat still and patient (tho' sore
prest
Hearthward to stoop and warm thy blue-
nail'd hands),
Lest thou shouldst frighten from a frosty
fare
The speckled thrush, raising his bill aloft
To swallow the red berry on the ash,

MALVOLIO

By thy white window (three short paces
off)?

If *this* thou hast not done, and hast done
that,

I do exile thee from the moon twelve
whole

Calendar months, debarring thee from
use

Of rose, bud, blossom, odour, simile,

And furthermore I do hereby pronounce

Divorce between the nightingale and
thee.

Walter Savage Landor.

Peter Bell: a
Lyrical Ballad

"I do affirm that I am the REAL Simon Pure"
(*Bold Stroke for a Wife*)

1

It is the thirty-first of March,
A gusty evening—half-past seven;
The moon is shining o'er the larch,
A simple shape—a cock'd-up arch,
Rising bigger than a star,
Though the stars are thick in Heaven.

2

Gentle Moon! How canst thou shine
Over graves and over trees,
With as innocent a look
As my own grey eyeball sees,
When I gaze upon a brook?

3

Od's me! how the moon doth shine:
It doth make a pretty glitter,
Playing in the waterfall;
As when Lucy Gray doth litter
Her baby-house with bugles small.

PETER BELL

4

Beneath the ever blessed moon
An old man o'er an old grave stares,
You never look'd upon his fellow;
His brow is covered with grey hairs,
As though they were an umbrella.

5

He hath a noticeable look,
This old man hath—this grey old man;
He gazes at the graves, and seems,
With over waiting, over wan,
Like Susan Harvey's pan of creams.

6

'Tis Peter Bell—'tis Peter Bell,
Who never stirreth in the day;
His hand is wither'd—he is old!
On Sundays he is us'd to pray,
In winter he is very cold.

7

I've seen him in the month of August,
At the wheatfield, hour by hour,
Picking ear,—by ear,—by ear,—
Through wind,—and rain,—and sun,—and
shower.
From year,—to year,—to year,—to year.

PETER BELL

8

You never saw a wiser man,
He knows his Numeration Table;
He counts the sheep of Harry Gill,
Every night that he is able,
When the sheep are on the hill.

9

Betty Foy—*My Betty Foy,*
Is the aunt of Peter Bell;
And credit me, as I would have you,
Simon Lee was once his nephew,
And his niece is Alice Fell.

10

He is rurally related;
Peter Bell hath country cousins,
(He had once a worthy mother)
Bells and Peters by the dozens,
But Peter Bell he hath no brother.

11

Not a brother owneth he,
Peter Bell he hath no brother,
His mother had no other son,
No other son e'er call'd her mother;
Peter Bell hath brother none.

PETER BELL

12

Hark! the churchyard brook is singing
Its evening song amid the leaves;
And the peering moon doth look
Sweetly on that singing brook,
Round and sad as though it grieves.

13

The little leaves on long thin twigs
Tremble with a deep delight,
They do dance a pleasant rout,
Hop and skip and jump about
As though they all were craz'd to-night.

14

Peter Bell doth lift his hand,
That thin hand, which in the light
Looketh like to oiled paper;
Paper oiled,—oily bright,—
And held up to a waxen taper.

15

The hand of Peter Bell is busy,
Under the pent-house of his hairs;
His eye is like a solemn sermon;
The little flea severely fares,
'Tis a sad day for the vermin.

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PETER BELL.

16

He is thinking of the Bible—
Peter Bell is old and blest;
He doth pray and scratch away,
He doth scratch, and bitten, pray
To *flee* away, and be at rest.

17

At home his foster child is cradled—
Four brown bugs are feeding there;
Catch as many, sister Ann,
Catch as many as you can
And yet the little insects spare.

18

Why should blessed insects die?
The flea doth skip o'er Betty Foy,
Like a little living thing;
Though it hath not fin or wing,
Hath it not a moral joy?

19

I the poet of the mountain,
Of the waterfall and fell,
I the mighty mental medlar,
I the lonely lyric pedlar,
I the Jove of Alice Fell.

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PETER BELL

20

I the Recluse—a gentle man,
A gentle man—a simple creature,
Who would not hurt, God shield the
 thing,
The merest, meanest May-bug's wing,
Am tender in my tender nature.

21

I do doat on my dear wife,
On the linnet, on the worm,
I can see sweet, written salads
Growing in the Lyric Ballads,
And always find them green and firm.

22

Peter Bell is laughing now,
Like a dead man making faces;
Never saw I smile so old,
On face so wrinkled and so cold,
Since the Idiot Boy's grimaces.

23

He is thinking of the moors,
Where I saw him in his breeches;
Ragged though they were, a pair
Fit for a grey old man to wear;
Saw him poking—gathering leeches.

PETER BELL

24

And gather'd leeches are to him,
To Peter Bell, like gather'd flowers;
They do yield him such delight,
As roses poach'd from porch at night,
Or pluck'd from oratoric bowers.

25

How that busy smile doth hurry
O'er the cheek of Peter Bell;
He is surely in a flurry,
Hurry skurry—hurry skurry,
Such delight I may not tell.

26

His stick is made of wilding wood,
His hat was formerly of felt,
His duffel cloak of wool is made,
His stockings are from stock in trade,
His belly's belted with a belt.

27

His father was a bellman once,
His mother was a beldame old;
They kept a shop at Keswick Town,
Close by the Bell, (beyond the Crown),
And pins and peppermint they sold.

PETER BELL

28

He is stooping now about
O'er the gravestones one and two;
The clock is now a striking eight,
Four more hours and 't will be late,
And Peter Bell hath much to do,

29

O'er the gravestones three and four,
Peter stoopeth old and wise;
He counteth with a wizard glee
The graves of all his family,
While the hooting owlet cries.

30

Peter Bell, he readeth ably,
All his letters he can tell;
Roman W,—Roman S,
In a minute he can guess,
Without the aid of Dr. Bell.

31

Peter keeps a gentle poney,
But the poney is not here;
Susan who is very tall,
And very sick and sad withal,
Rides it slowly far and near.

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PETER BELL

32

Hark! the voice 'of Peter Bell,
And the belfry bell is knelling;
It soundeth drowsily and dead,
As though a corse th' "Excursion" read;
Or Martha Ray her tale was telling.

33

Do listen unto Peter Bell,
While your eyes with tears do glisten:
Silence! his old eyes do read
All, on which the boys do tread
When holidays do come—Do listen!

34

The ancient Marinere lieth here,
Never to rise, although he pray'd,—
But all men, all, must have their fall-
ings;
And, like the Fear of Mr. Collins,
He died "of sounds himself had made".

35

Dead mad mother,—Martha Ray,
Old Matthew too, and Betty Foy,
Lack-a-daisy! here's a rout full;
Simon Lee whose age was doubtful,
Simon even the Fates destroy.

PETER BELL

36

Harry Gill is gone to rest,
Goody Blake is food for maggot;
They lie sweetly side by side,
Beautiful as when they died;
Never more shall she pick faggot.

37

Still he reads, and still the moon
On the churchyard's mounds doth shine;
The brook is still demurely singing,
Again the belfrey bell is ringing,
'Tis nine o'clock, six, seven, eight, nine!

38

Patient Peter pores and proses
On, from simple grave to grave;
Here marks the children snatch'd to
 heaven,
None left to blunder "we are seven";—
Even Andrew Jones no power could save.

39

What a Sexton's work is here,
Lord! the Idiot Boy is gone;
And Barbara Lewthwaite's fate the same,
And cold as mutton is her lamb;
And Alice Fell is bone by bone.

PETER BELL

40

Stephen Hill is dead and buried.
Reginald Shore is crumbling—crumbling,
Giles Fleming—Susan Gale—alas!
Death playeth in the churchyard grass
His human nine-pins—tumbling—tumbling.

41

But Peter liveth well and wisely,
For still he makes old Death look silly,
Like those sage ducks of Mrs. Bond,
Who, not of killing over fond,
Turn a deaf ear to dilly, dilly.

42

And tears are thick with Peter Bell,
Yet still he sees one blessed tomb;
Tow'rd's it he creeps with spectacles,
And bending on his leather knees,
He reads the *Lakeiest* Poet's doom.

43

The letters printed are by fate,
The death they say was suicide;
He reads—"Here lieth W. W.
Who never more will trouble you, trouble
you":
The old man smokes who 't is that died.

PETER BELL

44

Go home, go home—old Man, go home;
Peter, lay thee down at night,
Thou art happy, Peter Bell,
Say thy prayers for Alice Fell;
Thou hast seen a blessed sight:

45

He quits that moonlight yard of skulls,
And still he feels right glad, and smiles
With moral joy at that old tomb;
Peter's cheek recalls its bloom,
And as he creepeth by the tiles,
He mutters ever—"W. W.
Never more will trouble you, trouble
you".

John Hamilton Reynolds.

Peter Bell the Third

BY MICHING MALLECHO, ESQ.

"Is it a party in a parlour,
Crammed just as they on earth were crammed,
Some sipping punch—some sipping tea,
But, as you by their faces see,
All silent, and all—damned?"

—*Peter Bell, by Wordsworth.*

"*Ophelia.* What means this, my lord?

Hamlet. Marry, this is Miching Mallecho; it
means mischief."

—*Shakespeare.*

PROLOGUE

Peter Bells, one, two, and three,
O'er the wide world wandering be.—
First, the antenatal Peter,
Wrapped in weeds of the same metre,
The so long predestined raiment,
Clothed in which to walk his way meant
The second Peter; whose ambition
Is to link the proposition

PETER BELL THE THIRD

As the mean of two extremes—
(This was learnt from Aldrich's themes)—
Shielding from the guilt of schism
The orthodox syllogism;
The first Peter—he who was
Like the shadow in the glass
Of the second, yet unripe,
His substantial antitype.—
Then came Peter Bell the Second
Who henceforward must be reckoned
The body of a double soul,
And that portion of the whole
Without which the rest would seem
Ends of a disjointed dream.—
And the Third is he who has
O'er the grave been forced to pass
To the other side, which is—
Go and try else—just like this.

Peter Bell the First was Peter
Smugger, milder, softer, neater,
Like the soul before it is
Born from that world into this.
The next Peter Bell was he
Predevote, like you and me,
To good or evil as may come;
His was the severer doom,—
For he was an evil cotter,
And a polygamic Potter.
And the last is Peter Bell

PETER BELL THE THIRD

Damned since our first parents fell,
Damned eternally to Hell—
Surely he deserves it well!

PART I.—DEATH

I

And Peter Bell, when he had been
With fresh-imported hell-fire warmed,
Grew serious—from his dress and mien
'Twas very plainly to be seen
Peter was quite reformed.

II

His eyes turned up, his mouth turned down;
His accent caught a nasal twang;
He oiled his hair; there might be heard
The grace of God in every word
Which Peter said or sang.

III

But Peter now grew old, and had
An ill no doctor could unravel;
His torments almost drove him mad;
Some said it was a fever bad,
Some swore it was the gravel.

PETER BELL THE THIRD

IV

His holy friends then came about,
And with long preaching and persuasion
Convinced the patient that, without
The smallest shadow of a doubt,
He was predestined to damnation.

V

They said: "Thy name is *Peter Bell*,
Thy skin is of a brimstone *hue*;
Alive or dead—ay, sick or well—
The one God made to rhyme with *hell*;
"The other, I think, rhymes with *you*."

VI

Then Peter set up such a yell
The nurse who with some water gruel
Was climbing up the stairs as well
As her old legs could climb them, fell,
And broke them both—the fall was
cruel.

VII

The parson from the casement leapt
Into the lake of Windermere:
And many an eel—though no adept
In God's right reason for it—kept
Gnawing his kidneys half a year.

PETER BELL THE THIRD

VIII

And all the rest rushed through the door,
And tumbled over one another,
And broke their skulls.—Upon the floor,
Meanwhile sat Peter Bell, and swore,
And cursed his father and his mother.

IX

And raved of God and sin and death,
Blaspheming like an infidel;
And said that with his clenched teeth
He'd seize the earth from underneath,
And drag it with him down to hell.

X

As he was speaking, came a spasm,
And wrenched his gnashing teeth
asunder.
Like one who sees a strange phantasm
He lay,—there was a silent chasm
Betwixt his upper jaw and under.

XI

And yellow death lay on his face;
And a fixed smile that was not human
Told, as I understand the case,
That he was gone to the wrong place:—
I heard all this from the old woman.

PETER BELL THE THIRD

XII

Then there came down from Langdale Pike
A cloud, with lightning, wind, and hail;
It swept over the mountains like
An ocean, and I heard it strike
The woods and crags of Grasmere Vale.

XIII

And I saw the black storm come
Nearer, minute after minute;
Its thunder made the cataracts dumb;
With hiss and clash and hollow hum,
It neared as if the Devil was in it.

XIV

The Devil *was* in it:—he had bought
Peter for half a crown. And, when
The storm which bore him vanished, nought
That in the house that storm had caught
Was ever seen again.

XV

The gaping neighbours came next day—
They found all vanished from the shore.
The Bible whence he used to pray
Half scorched under a hen-coop lay;
Smashed glass—and nothing more.

PETER BELL THE THIRD

PART IV.—SIN

I

Lo, Peter in Hell's Grosvenor Square,
A footman in the Devil's service!
And the misjudging world would swear
That every man in service there
To virtue would prefer vice.

II

But Peter, though now damned, was not
What Peter was before damnation.
Men oftentimes prepare a lot
Which, ere it finds them, is not what
Suits with their genuine station.

III

All things that Peter saw and felt
Had a peculiar aspect to him;
And, when they came within the belt
Of his own nature, seemed to melt,
Like cloud to cloud, unto him.

IV

And so, the outward world uniting,
To that within him, he became
Considerably uninviting
To those who, meditation slighting,
Were moulded in a different frame.

PETER BELL THE THIRD

V

And he scorned them, and they scorned him;
And he scorned all they did; and they
Did all that men of their own trim
Are wont to do to please their whim,
Drinking, lying, swearing, play.

VI

Such were his fellow-servants; thus
His virtue, like our own, was built
Too much on that indignant fuss
Hypocrite Pride stirs up in us
To bully one another's guilt.

VII

He had a mind which was somehow
At once circumference and centre
Of all he might or feel or know;
Nothing went ever out, although
Something did ever enter.

VIII

He had as much imagination
As a pint-pot;—he never could
Fancy another situation,
From which to dart his contemplation,
Than that wherein he stood.

PETER BELL THE THIRD

IX

Yet his was individual mind,
And new-created all he saw
In a new manner, and refined
Those new creations, and combined
Them by a master-spirit's law.

X

Thus—although unimaginative—
An apprehension clear, intense,
Of his mind's work, had made alive
The things it wrought on; I believe
Wakening a sort of thought in sense.

XI

But from the first 't was Peter's drift
To be a kind of moral eunuch:
He touched the hem of Nature's shift,
Felt faint,—and never dared uplift
The closest all-concealing tunic.

XII

She laughed the while with an arch smile,
And kissed him with a sister's kiss,
And said: "My best Diogenes,
I love you well—but, if you please,
Tempt not again my deepest bliss.

PETER BELL THE THIRD

XIII

“’Tis you are cold; for I, not coy,
Yield love for love, frank, warm, and
true;
And Burns, a Scottish peasant boy—
His errors prove it—knew my joy
More, learned friend, than you.

XIV

“*Bocca baciata non perde ventura,
Anzi rinnuova come fa la luna:—*
So thought Boccaccio, whose sweet words
might cure a
Male prude, like you, from what you now
endure, a
Low-tide in soul, like a stagnant
laguna.”

XV

Then Peter rubbed his eyes severe,
And smoothed his spacious forehead
down
With his broad palm;—’twixt love and
fear,
He looked, as he no doubt felt, queer.
And in his dreams sate down.

PETER BELL THE THIRD

XVI

The Devil was no uncommon creature;
A leaden-witted thief—just huddled
Out of the dross and scum of nature;
A toad-like lump of limb and feature,
With mind and heart and fancy
muddled.

XVII

He was that heavy dull cold thing
The Spirit of Evil well may be:
A drone too base to have a sting;
Who gluts, and grimes his lazy wing,
And calls lust "luxury".

XVIII

Now he was quite the kind of wight
Round whom collect, at a fixed era,
Venison, turtle, hock, and claret—
Good cheer, and those who come to share it.
And best East Indian Madeira.

XIX

It was his fancy to invite
Men of science, wit, and learning,
Who came to lend each other light;
He proudly thought that his gold's might
Had set those spirits burning.

PETER BELL THE THIRD

XX

And men of learning, science, wit,
Considered him as you and I
Think of some rotten tree, and sit
Lounging and dining under it,
Exposed to the wide sky.

XXI

And all the while, with loose fat smile,
The willing wretch sat winking there;
Believing 't was his power that made
That jovial scene, and that all paid
Homage to his unnoticed chair.

XXII

Though to be sure this place was Hell;
He was the Devil; and all they—
What though the claret circled well,
And wit, like ocean, rose and fell?—
Were damned eternally.

PART VII.—DOUBLE DAMNATION

I

The Devil now knew his proper cue.
Soon as he read the ode, he drove
To his friend Lord Mac Murderhouse's,

PETER BELL THE THIRD

A man of interest in both houses,
And said:—"For money or for love,

II

"Pray find some cure or sinecure,
To feed him from the superfluous taxes
A friend of ours—a poet: fewer
Have fluttered tamer to the lure
Than he." His lordship stands and racks
his

III

Stupid brains, while one might count
As many beads as he had boroughs,—
At length replies (from his mean front,
Like one who rubs out an account,
Smoothing away the unmeaning fur-
rows):

IV

"It happens, fortunately, dear sir,
I can. I hope I need require
No pledge from you that he will stir
In our affairs; like Oliver,
That he'll be worthy of his hire."

V

These words exchanged, the news sent off
To Peter, home the Devil hied,—

PETER BELL THE THIRD

Took to his bed. He had no cough,
No doctor,—meat and drink enough,
Yet that same night he died.

VI

The Devil's corpse was leaded down;
His decent heirs enjoyed his pelf,
Mourning-coaches many a one
Followed his hearse along the town:—
Where was the Devil himself?

VII

When Peter heard of his promotion,
His eyes grew like two stars for bliss.
There was a bow of sleek devotion
Engendering in his back; each motion
Seemed a Lord's shoe to kiss.

VIII

He hired a house, bought plate, and made
A genteel drive up to his door,
With sifted gravel neatly laid,—
As if defying all who said
Peter was ever poor.

IX

But a disease soon struck into
The very life and soul of Peter.

PETER BELL THE THIRD

He walked about—slept—had the hue
Of health upon his cheeks—and few
Dug better—none a heartier eater:—

X

And yet a strange and horrid curse
Clung upon Peter, night and day.
Month after month the thing grew worse,
And deadlier than in this my verse
I can find strength to say.

XI

Peter was dull—(he was at first
Dull)—oh so dull, so very dull!
Whether he talked, wrote, or rehearsed,
Still with his dullness was he cursed—
Dull, beyond all conception dull.

XII

No one could read his books—no mortal,
But a few natural friends, would hear
him;
The parson came not near his portal;
His state was like that of the immortal
Described by Swift—no man could
bear him.

PETER BELL THE THIRD

XIII

His sister, wife, and children yawned,
With a long, slow, and drear ennui
All human patience far beyond;
Their hopes of heaven each would have
 pawned
Anywhere else to be.

XIV

But in his verse and in his prose
The essence of his dullness was
Concentred and compressed so close
'T would have made Guatimozin doze
 On his red gridiron of brass.

XV

A printer's boy, folding those pages,
Fell slumbrously upon one side,
Like those famed Seven who slept three ages.
To wakeful frenzy's vigil rages,
 As opiates, were the same applied.

XVI

Even the Reviewers who were hired
To do the work of his reviewing,
With adamantine nerves, grew tired;—
Gaping and torpid they retired,
 To dream of what they should be doing.

PETER BELL THE THIRD

XVII

And worse and worse the drowsy curse
Yawned in him till it grew a pest;
A wide contagious atmosphere
Creeping like cold through all things near;
A power to infect and to infest.

XVIII

His servant-maids and dogs grew dull;
His kitten, late a sportive elf;
The woods and lakes so beautiful
Of dim stupidity were full;
All grew dull as Peter's self.

XIX

The earth under his feet, the springs
Which lived within it a quick life—
The air, the winds of many wings
That fan it with new murmurings—
Were dead to their harmonious strife.

XX

The birds and beasts within the wood,
The insects and each creeping thing,
Were now a silent multitude;
Love's work was left unwrought—no brood
Near Peter's house took wing.

PETER BELL THE THIRD

XXI

And every neighbouring cottager
Stupidly yawned upon the other;
No jackass brayed, no little cur
Cocked up his ears; no man would stir
To save a dying mother.

XXII

Yet from all that charmed district went
But some half-idiot and half-knave,
Who, rather than pay any rent,
Would live with marvellous content
Over his father's grave.

XXIII

No bailiff dared within that space,
For fear of the dull charm, to enter:
A man would bear upon his face,
For fifteen months, in any case,
The yawn of such a venture.

XXIV

Seven miles above—below—around—
The pest of dullness holds its sway,
A ghastly life without a sound.
To Peter's soul the spell is bound—
How should it ever pass away?

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Coleridge

Isabelle

Can there be a moon in heaven to-night,
That the hill and the grey cloud seem so
light?

The air is whitened by some spell,
For there is no moon, I know it well:
On this third day, the sages say,
(’Tis wonderful how well they know),
The moon is journeying far away,
Bright somewhere in a heaven below.

It is a strange and lovely night,
A greyish pale, but not white!
Is it rain, or is it dew,
That falls so thick I see its hue?
In rays it follows, one, two, three,
Down the air so merrily,
Said Isabelle, so let it be!

ISABELLE

Why does the Lady Isabelle
Sit in the damp and dewy dell
Counting the racks of drizzly rain,
And how often the Rail cries over again?
For she's harping, harping in the brake,
Craik, craik—Craik, craik.—
Ten times nine, and thrice eleven;—
That last call was an hundred and seven.
Craik, craik—the hour is near—
Let it come, I have no fear!
Yet it is a dreadful work, I wis,
Such doings in a night like this!

Sounds the river harsh and loud?
The stream sounds harsh, but not loud.
There is a cloud that seems to hover,
By western hill the churchyard over,
What is it like?—'Tis like a whale;
'Tis like a shark with half the tail,
Not half, but third and more;
Now 'tis a wolf, and now a boar;
Its face is raised—it cometh here;
Let it come—there is no fear.
There's two for heaven, and ten for hell,
Let it come—'tis well—'tis well
Said the Lady Isabelle.

What ails that little cut-tailed whelp,
That it continues to yelp, yelp?

ISABELLE

Yelp, yelp, and it turns its eye
Up to the tree and half to the sky,
Half to the sky and full to the cloud,
And still it whines and barks aloud.
Why I should dread I cannot tell;
There is a spirit; I know it well!
I see it in yon falling beam—
Is it a vision or a dream?
It is no dream, full well I know,
I have a woful deed to do!
Hush, hush, thou little murmurer;
I tell thee hush—the dead are near!

If thou knewest all, poor tailless whelp,
Well mightest thou tremble, growl, and
yelp;
But thou knowest nothing, hast no part,
(Simple and stupid as thou art)
Save gratitude and truth of heart.
But they are coming by this way
That have been dead for a year and a day;
Without challenge, without change,
They shall have their full revenge!
They have been sent to wander in woe
In the lands of flame, and the lands of
snow;
But those that are dead
Shall the greensward tread,
And those that are living
Shall soon be dead!

ISABELLE

None to pity them, none to help!
Thou mayest quake, my cut-tailed whelp!

There are two from the grave
That I fain would save;
Full hard is the weird
For the young and the brave!
Perchance they are rapt in vision sweet,
While the passing breezes kiss their feet;
And they are dreaming of joy and love!
Well, let them go—there's room above.

There are three times three, and three
to these,
Count as you will, by twos or threes!
Three for the gallows, and three for the
wave,
Three to roast behind the stone,
And three that shall never see the grave
Until the day and the hour are gone!
For retribution is mine alone!
The cloud is redder in its hue,
The hour is near, and vengeance due;
It cannot, and it will not fail,—
'Tis but a step to Borrowdale!
Why shouldest thou love and follow me?
Poor faithful thing! I pity thee!

Up rose the Lady Isabelle,
I may not of her motion tell,

ISABELLE

Yet thou mayest look upon her frame;
Look on it with a passing eye,
But think not thou upon the same,
Turn away and ask not why;
But if thou darest look again,
Mad of heart and seared of brain,
Thou shalt never look again!

What can ail that short-tailed whelp?
'Tis either behind or far before,
And it hath changed its whining yelp
To a shortened yuff—its little core
Seems bursting with terror and dismay,
Yuff, yuff—hear how it speeds away.
Hold thy peace, thou yemering thing,
The very night-wind's slumbering,
And thou wilt wake to woe and pain
Those that must never wake again.

Meet is its terror and its flight,
There's one on the left and two on the
right!
But save the paleness of the face,
All is beauty and all is grace!
The earth and air are tinged with blue;
There are no footsteps in the dew;
Is this to wandering spirits given,
Such stillness on the face of heaven?
The fleecy clouds that sleep above

ISABELLE

Are like the wing of beauteous dove,
And the leaf of the elm tree does not move!
Yet they are coming! and they are three!
Jesu! Maria! can it be!

THE CONCLUSION

Sleep on, fair maiden of Borrowdale!
Sleep! O sleep! and do not wake!
Dream of the dance, till the foot so pale,
And the beauteous ankle shiver and shake;
Till thou shalt press, with feeling bland,
Thine own fair breast with lover's hand.
Thy heart is light as summer breeze,
Thy heart is joyous as the day;
Man never form of angel sees,
But thou art fair as they!
So lover ween, and so they say,
So thine shall weep for many a day!
The hour's at hand, O woe is me!
For they are coming, and they are three!

James Hogg.

The Cherub

Was it not lovely to behold
A Cherub come down from the sky,
A beauteous thing of heavenly mould,
With ringlets of the wavy gold,
Dancing and floating curiously?
To see it come down to the earth
This beauteous thing of heavenly birth!
Leaving the fields of balm and bliss,
To dwell in such a world as this!

I heard a maiden sing the while
A strain so holy, it might beguile.
An angel from the radiant spheres,
That have swum in light ten thousand
years;
Ten times ten thousand is too few—
Child of heaven, can this be true?
And then I saw that beauteous thing
Slowly from the clouds descending,
Brightness, glory, beauty blending,
In the mid air hovering.
It had also a halo round its head,
It was not of the rainbow's hue,
For in it was no shade of blue,

THE CHERUB

But a beam of amber mixed with red,
Like that which mingles in the ray
A little after the break of day.
Its raiment was the thousand dyes
Of flowers in the heavenly paradise;
Its track a beam of the sun refined,
And its chariot was the southern' wind;
My heart danced in me with delight,
And my spirits mounted at the sight,
And I said within me, "It is well;
But where the bower, or peaceful dell,
Where this pure heavenly thing may dwell?
Then I bethought me of the place
To lodge the messenger of grace;
And I chose the ancient sycamore,
And the little green by Greta's shore;
It is a spot so passing fair,
That sainted thing might sojourn there.

Go tell yon stranger artisan,
Build as quickly as he can.
Heaven shield us from annoy!
What shall form this dome of joy?
The leaf of the rose would be too rude
For a thing that is not flesh and blood;
The walls must be of the sunny air,
And the roof the silvery gossamer,
And all the ceiling, round and round,
Wove half of light, and half of sound;

THE CHERUB

The sounds must be the tones that fly
From distant harp, just ere they die;
And the light the moon's soft midnight
ray,
When the cloud is downy, and thin, and
grey,
And such a bower of light and love,
Of beauty, and of harmony,
In earth below, or heaven above,
Nor mortal thing shall ever see.

The dream is past, it is gone away!
The rose is blighted on the spray:
I look behind, I look before,
The happy vision is no more!
But in its room a darker shade
Than eye hath pierced, or darkness made.
I cannot turn, yet do not know
What I would, or whither go;
But I have heard, to heart of sin,
A small voice whispering within,
'Tis all I know, and all I trust,—
"That man is weak, but God is just".

James Hogg.

The Rime of the Auncient Waggonere

IN FOUR PARTS

Part First

It is an auncient Waggonere,
And hee stoppeth one of nine,
“Now wherefore dost thou grip me soe
With that horny fist of thine?”

“The bridegroom’s doors are opened wide,
And thither I must walke;
Soe, by your leave, I must be gone,
I have noe time for talke!”

Hee holds him with his horny fist—
“There was a wain,” quoth hee—
“Hold offe, thou raggamiouffine tykke.”
Eftsoones his fist dropped hee.

Hee satte him down upon a stone,
With ruefulle looks of feare;
And thus began this tippsye manne,
The red-nosed waggonere:

THE AUNCIENT WAGGONERE

“The waine is fulle, the horses pulle,
Merrilye did we trotte
Alonge the bridge, alonge the road,
A jolly crewe, I wotte.”

And here the tailore smotte his breaste,
He smelte the cabbage potte!

“The night was darke, like Noe’s arke,
Our waggone moved alonge,
The hail poured faste, loude roared the
blaste,

Yet still we moved alonge;
And sung in chorus, ‘Cease, loud Borus,’
A very charming songe.

“‘Bravoe, bravissimoe,’ I cried,
The sounde was quite elatinge;
But in a trice, upon the ice,
We hearde the horses skaitinge.

“The ice was here, the ice was there,
It was a dismale mattere
To see the cargoe, one by one,
Flounderinge in the wattere!

“With rout and roare, we reached the
shore,
And never a soul did sinke;
But in the rivere, gone for evere,
Swum our meate and drinke.

THE AUNCIENT WAGGONERE

“At lengthe we spied a good grey goose,
Through the snow it came;
And with the butte end of my whippe
I hailed it in Goddhis name.

“It staggered as it had been drunke,
So dexterous was it hitte;
Of brokene boughs we made a fire,
Thomme Loncheone roasted itte.”—

“Be done, thou tipsye waggonere,
To the feaste I must awaye.”

The waggonere seized him by the coatte,
And forced him there to staye,
Begginge, in gentlemanlie style,
Butte halfe-ane-hour's delaye.

Part Second.

“The crimson sun was rising o'ere
The verge of the horizon,
Upon my worde, as faire a sunne
As ever I clapped eyes onne.

“’Twill bee ane comfortable thinge,”
The mutinous crewe ’gan crye;

“’Twill be ane comfortable thinge
Within the jaile to lye;

Ah! execrable wretche,” saide they,

“That caused the goose to die!

THE AUNCIENT WAGGONERE

"The day was drawing near ittes close,
The sunne was well nighe settinge;
When lo! it seemed as iffe his face
Was veiled with fringe-warke-nettinge.

"Somme saide itte was ane apple tree,
Laden with goodlye fruite,
Somme swore itte was ane foreigne birde,
Some said it was ane brute;
Alas! it was ane bumbailiffe
Riding in pursuite!

"A hue and crye sterte uppe behind,
Whilke smote our ears like thunder,
Within the waggone there was drede,
Astonishment and wonder.

"One after one, the rascalls rann,
And from the carre did jump;
One after one, one after one,
They felle with heavy thump.

"Six miles ane houre theye offe did scoure,
Like shippes on ane stormye ocean,
Their garments flappinge in the winde,
With ane short uneasy motion.

"Their bodies with their legs did flye,
Theye fled withe fears and glyffe;

THE AUNCIENT WAGGONERE

Why star'st thoue soe?—With one goode
blow,
I felled the bumbailiffe!”

Part Third.

“I feare thee, auncient waggonere,
I feare thy hornye fiste,
For itte is stained with goose's gore,
And bailiff's blood I wist.

“I fear to gette ane fisticuffe
From thy leathern knuckles brown;”
With that the tailore strove to ryse—
The waggonere thrusts him down.

“Thou craven, if thou mov'st a limye,
I'll give thee cause for feare;”
And thus went on that tipsye man,
The red-billed waggonere.

“The bumbailiffe so beautiful!
Declared itte was no joke,
For, to his knowledge, both his legs
And fifteen ribs were broke.

“The lighte was gone, the nighte came on,
Ane hundrede lanterns' sheen
Glimmerred on the kinge's highwaye—
Ane lovelye sighte, I ween.

THE AUNCIENT WAGGONERE

“ ‘Is it he,’ quoth one, ‘is this the manne?
I’ll laye the rascalle stiffe;’
With cruel stroke the beak he broke
Of the harmless bumbailiffe.

“The threatening of the saucye rogue
No more I coulde abide;
Advancing forthe my goode right legg.
Three paces and a stride,
I sent my left foot dexterously
Seven inches through his side.

“Up came the second from the vanne;
We had scarcely fought a round,
When someone smote me from behind,
And I fell down in a swound:

“And when my head began to clear,
I heard the yemering crew—
Quoth one, ‘This man hath penance done,
And penance more shall do’.”

Part Fourth.

“O Freedom is a glorious thing!
And, tailore, by the by,
I’d rather in a halter swing
Than in a dungeon lie.

THE AUNCIENT WAGGONERE

“The jailere came to bring me foode,
Forget it will I never,
How he turned up the white o’ his eye
When I stuck him in the liver.

“His threade of life was snapt: once more
I reached the open streete;
The people sang out ‘Gardylloo’
As I ran down the streete.
Methought the blessed air of heaven
Never smelte so sweete.

“Once more upon the broad highwaye
I walked with feare and drede;
And every fifteen steppes I tooke
I turned about my heade,
For feare the corporal of the guarde
Might close behind me trede!

“Behold, upon the western wave
Setteth the broad bright sunne;
So I must onward, as I have
Full fifteen miles to runne.

“And should the bailiffes hither come
To aske whilke way I’ve gone,
Tell them I took the othere road,
Said hee, and trotted onne.”

THE AUNCIENT WAGGONERE

The tailore rushed into the roome;
O'erturning three or foure;
Fractured his skulle against the walle,
And worde spake never more!!

Morale.
Such is the fate of foolish men,
The danger all may see
Of those who list to waggonere,
And keepe bad companye.

William Maginn.

The Wise Men of Gotham

BY S. T. C., ESQ., PRO-
FESSOR OF MYSTICISM

Σκιᾶς ὄνυξ—Pindar, *Pyth.*, viii, 95.

In a bowl to sea went wise men three,
On a brilliant night of June:
They carried a net, and their hearts were
set
On fishing up the moon.

The sea was calm, the air was balm,
Not a breath stirred low or high,
And the moon, I trow, lay as bright below,
And as round as in the sky.

The wise men with the current went,
Nor paddle nor oar had they,
And still as the grave they went on the
wave,
That they might not disturb their prey.

THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM

Far, far at sea, were the wise men three,
When their fishing-net they threw;
And at the throw, the moon below
In a thousand fragments flew.

The sea was bright with a dancing light
Of a million gleams,
Which the broken moon shot forth as soon
As the net disturbed her beams.

They drew in their net: it was empty and
wet,
And they had lost their pain,
Soon ceased the play of each dancing ray,
And the image was round again.

Three times they threw, three times they
drew,
And all the while were mute;
And evermore their wonder grew,
Till they could not but dispute.

Their silence they broke, and each one
spoke
Full long, and loud, and clear;
A man at sea their voices three
Full three leagues off might hear.

The three wise men got home again
To their children and their wives:

THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM

But, touching their trip, and their net's
vain dip,
They disputed all their lives.

The wise men three could never agree,
Why they missed the promised boon;
They agreed alone that their net they had
thrown,
And they had not caught the moon.

I have thought myself pale o'er this ancient
tale,
And its sense I could not ken;
But now I see that the wise men three
Were paper money men.

"Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub"
Is a mystic burthen old,
Which I've pondered about till my fire
went out,
And I could not sleep for cold.

I now divine each mystic sign,
Which robbed me oft of sleep,
Three men in a bowl, who went to troll,
For the moon in the midnight deep.

Three men were they who science drank
From Scottish fountains free;

THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM

The cash they sank in the Gotham bank,
Was the moon beneath the sea;

The breaking of the imaged moon,
At the fishing-net's first splash,
Was the breaking of the bank as soon
As the wise men claimed their cash.

The dispute which lasted all their lives,
Was the economic strife,
Which the son's son's son of every one
Will maintain through all his life.

The son's son's sons will baffled be,
As were their sires of old;
But they only agree, like the wise men
three,
That they could not get their gold.

And they'll build systems dark and deep,
And systems broad and high;
But two of three will never agree
About the reason why.

And he who at this day will seek
The Economic Club,
Will find at least three sages there,
As ready as any that ever were,
To go to sea in a tub.

Thomas Love Peacock.

Sonnets Attempted
in the Manner of
Contemporary
Writers

SIGNED 'NEHEMIAH
HIGGINBOTTOM

I

Pensive at eve on the hard world I mus'd,
And my poor heart was sad: so at the
moon I gaz'd—and sigh'd, and sigh'd!—for, ah!
how soon Eve darkens into night. Mine eyes perus'd
With tearful vacancy the *dampy* grass,
Which wept and glitter'd in the paly ray;
And I did pause me on my lonely way,
And mused me on those wretched ones
who pass

O'er the black heath of Sorrow. But, alas!
Most of Myself I thought: when it befell
That the sooth Spirit of the breezy wood
Breath'd in mine ear—'All this is very well;
But much of *one* thing is for *no* thing
good'.

Ah! my poor heart's inexplicable swell!

SONNETS

II

TO SIMPLICITY

O! I do love thee, meek *Simplicity!*
For of thy lays the lulling simpleness
Goes to my heart and soothes each small
distress,
Distress though small, yet haply great to
me!

'Tis true on Lady Fortune's gentlest pad
I amble on; yet, though I know not why,
So sad I am!—but should a friend and I
Grow cool and *miff*, O! I am *very* sad!
And then with sonnets and with sympathy
My dreamy bosom's mystic woes I pall;
Now of my false friend plaining plaintively,
Now raving at mankind in general;
But, whether sad or fierce, 't is simple all,
All very simple, meek *Simplicity!*

III

ON A RUINED HOUSE IN A ROMANTIC COUNTRY

And this reft house is that the which he
built.
Lamented Jack! And here his malt he
pil'd,

SONNETS

Cautious in vain! These rats that squeak
so wild,
Squeak, not unconscious of their father's
guilt.
Did ye not see her gleaming thro' the
glade?
Belike, 'twas she, the maiden all forlorn.
What though she milk no cow with
crumpled horn,
Yet *aye* she haunts the dale where *erst*
she stray'd;
And *aye* beside her stalks her amorous
knight!
Still on his thighs their wonted brogues
are worn,
And thro' those brogues, still tatter'd and
betorn,
His hindward charms gleam an unearthly
white;
As when thro' broken clouds at night's
high noon
Peeps in fair fragments forth the full-orb'd
harvest-moon!

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Byron

Cui Bono?

BY LORD B.

Sated with home, of wife, of children
tired,
The restless soul is driven abroad to
roam;
Sated abroad, all seen, yet nought ad-
mired,
The restless soul is driven to ramble
home;
Sated with both, beneath new Drury's
dome
The fiend Ennui awhile consents to pine,
There growls, and curses, like a deadly
Gnome,
Scorning to view fantastic Columbine,
Viewing with scorn and hate the nonsense
of the Nine.

CUI BONO?

II

Ye reckless dupes, who hither wend your
way
To gaze on puppets in a painted dome,
Pursuing pastimes glittering to betray,
Like falling stars in life's eternal gloom,
What seek ye there? Joy's evanescent
bloom?
Woe's me! the brightest wreaths she ever
gave
Are but as flowers that decorate a tomb.
Man's heart, the mournful urn o'er which
they wave,
Is sacred to despair, its pedestal the
grave.

III

Has life so little store of real woes,
That here ye wend to taste fictitious
grief?
Or is it that from truth such anguish flows,
Ye court the lying drama for relief?
Long shall ye find the pang, the respite
brief:
Or if one tolerable page appears
In folly'd volume, 'tis the actor's leaf,
Who dries his own by drawing others'
tears,
And, raising present mirth, makes glad
his future years.

CUI BONO?

IV

Albeit, how like young Betty doth he
flee!

Light as the mote, that daunceth in the
beam,

He liveth only in man's present e'e,
His life a flash, his memory a dream,
Oblivious down he drops in Lethe's
stream.

Yet what are they, the learned and the
great?

Awhile of longer wonderment the theme!

Who shall presume to prophesy *their*
date,

Where nought is certain, save the uncer-
tainty of fate?

V

This goodly pile, upheaved by Wyatt's
toil,

Perchance than Holland's edifice more
fleet,

Again red Lemnos' artisan may spoil;

The fire-alarm and midnight drum may
beat,

And all be strewed ysmoking at your
feet!

CUI BONO?

Start ye? perchance Death's angel may
be sent,

Ere from the flaming temple ye retreat;
And ye who met, on revel idlesse bent,
May find, in pleasure's fane, your grave
and monument.

VI

Your debts mount high—ye plunge in
deeper waste;

The tradesman duns—no warning voice
ye hear;

The plaintiff sues—to public shows ye
haste;

The bailiff threats—ye feel no idle fear.

Who can arrest your prodigal career?

Who can keep down the levity of youth?

What sound can startle age's stubborn
ear?

Who can redeem from wretchedness and
ruth

Men true to falsehood's voice, false to the
voice of truth?

VII

To thee, blest saint! who doffed thy skin
to make

The Smithfield rabble leap from theirs
with joy,

CUI BONO?

We dedicate the pile! arise! awake!—
Knock down the Muses, wit and sense
destroy,
Clear our new stage from reason's dull
alloy,
Charm hobbling age, and tickle capering
youth
With cleaver, marrow-bone, and Tunbridge
toy;
While, vibrating in unbelieving tooth,
Harps twang in Drury's walls, and make
her boards a booth.

VIII

For what is Hamlet but a hare in March?
And what is Brutus but a croaking owl?
And what is Rolla? Cupid steeped in
starch,
Orlando's helmet in Augustin's cowl.
Shakespeare, how true thine adage, "fair
is foul!"
To him whose soul is with fruition
fraught,
The song of Braham is an Irish howl,
Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And naught is everything, and everything
is naught.

CUI BONO?

IX

Sons of Parnassus! whom view I above,
Not laurel-crown'd, but clad in rusty
black;
Not spurring Pegasus through Tempe's
grove,
But pacing Grubb-street on a jaded hack;
What reams of foolscap, while your brains
ye rack,
Ye mar to make again! for sure, ere
long,
Condemn'd to tread the bard's time-san-
tion'd track,
Ye all shall join the bailiff-haunted throng,
And reproduce, in rags, the rags ye blot
in song.

X

So fares the follower in the Muses' train;
He toils to starve, and only lives in death;
We slight him, till our patronage is vain,
Then round his skeleton a garland
wreathe,
And o'er his bones an empty requiem
breathe—
Oh! with what tragic horror would he
start,
(Could he be conjured from the grave
beneath)

CUI BONO?

To find the stage again a Thespian cart.
And elephants and colts down trampling
Shakespeare's art.

XI

Hence, pedant Nature! with thy Grecian
rules!

Centaurs (not fabulous) those rules
efface;

Back, sister Muses, to your Native
schools;

Here booted Grooms usurp Apollo's place,
Hoofs shame the boards that Garrick
used to grace,

The play of limbs succeeds the play of
wit,

May yields the drama to the Hou'yn'm
race,

His prompter spurs, his licenser the bit,

The stage a stable-yard, a jockey-club
the pit.

XII

Is it for these ye rear this proud abode?

Is it for these your superstition seeks

To build a temple worthy of a god,

To laud a monkey, or to worship leeks?

Then be the stage, to recompense your
freaks,

CUI BONO?

A Motley chaos, jumbling age and ranks,
Where Punch, the lignum-vitæ Roscius,
squeaks,
And wisdom weeps, and Folly plays her
pranks,
And moody Madness laughs and hugs
the chain he clanks.

Horatio Smith.

The Galiongee

A FRAGMENT OF A
TURKISH TALE

The Pasha sat in his divan,
With silver-sheathed ataghan;
And called to him a Galiongee,
Come lately from the Euxine Sea
To Stamboul; chains were on his feet,
And fetters on his hands were seen,
Because he was a Nazarene:
When duly making reverence meet,
With haughty glance on that divan,
And curling lip he thus began:

“By broad Phingari’s silver light
When sailing at the noon of night,
Bismillah! whom did we descry
But dark corsairs, who, bent on spoil,
Athwart the deep sea ever toil!
We knew their blood-red flags on high:
The Captain he called, belike,
With gesture proud, to bid us strike,
And told his Sonbachis to spare

THE GALIONGEE

Of not one scalp a single hair,
Though garbs of green showed Emirs
there!

It boots not, Pacha, to relate

What souls were sent to Eblis throne
How Azrael's arrows scattered fate,

How wild, wet, wearied, and alone
When all my crew were drenched in
blood,

Or floated lifeless on the flood,

I fought unawed, nor e'er thought I
To shout 'Amaun!' the craven's cry,

I took my handkerchief to wipe
My burning brow, and then I took,
With placid hand, my long Chibouque,
'That is to say, my Turkish pipe,'

And having clapped it in my 'cheek'
Disdaining e'er a word to speak

I shouted to the pirate, 'Now,
You've fairly beat me, I allow'," &c.

William Maginn.

Scott

Wat o' the Cleuch



CANTO FIRST

I

Wat o' the Cleuch came down through
the dale,
In helmet and hauberk of glistening
mail;
Full proudly he came on his berry-black
steed,
Caparisoned, belted for warrior deed.
O bold was the bearing, and brisk the
career,
And broad was the cuirass and long was
the spear,
And tall was the plume that waved over
the brow
Of that dark reckless borderer, Wat o'
the Cleuch.

WAT O' THE CLEUCH

2

His housing, the buck's hide, of rude
massy fold,
Was tasselled and tufted with trappings
of gold;
The henchman was stalworth his buckler
that bore;
He had bowmen behind him, and billmen
before;
He had Bellenden, Thorleshope, Reddle-
fordgreen,
And Hab o' the Swire, and Jock of
Poldean;
And Whitstone, and Halston, and hard-
riding Hugh,
Were all at the back of Bold Wat o' the
Cleuch.

3

As Wat o' the Cleuch came down
through the dale,
The hinds stood aghast and the maidens
grew pale,
The ladies to casement and palisade ran,
The vassals to loophole and low barbican,
And saw the bold borderers trooping
along,
Each crooning his war-note or gathering-
song:

WAT O' THE CLEUCH

O many a rosy cheek changed its hue
When sounded the slogan o' Wat o' the
Cleuch!

As downward they passed by the Jed and
the Roule,

The monk took his crozier, his cord, and
his cowl,

And kneeled to the Virgin with book
and with bead;

And said Ave-Maria and muttered his
creed,

And loudly invoked, as he clasped the
rod,

Saint Withold, Saint Waldave, Saint
Clare, and St. Jude!

He dreaded the Devil, to give him his
due,

But held him as nothing to Wat o' the
Cleuch.

The abbot and monks of Jedwort well
knew

When there was aught to gain,
That neither quoif, nor bead, nor book,

Nor penitential whine and look,
That stern marauder e'er would brook,

He spurned them with disdain:

WAT O' THE CLEUCH

That late at Elsdon he had been
On evening of Saint Valentine,
And there had wrought much wreck and
dole,
Had called the abbot beast and fool,
And all his horde a nest of knaves,
Of sordid, selfish, venal slaves;
Had broke their croziers o'er their heads,
And burnt their books, and sowed their
beads,
Taken, bot leave, their hoarded pelf,
And whatsoever pleased himself;
And never had sin of the deepest hue,
Nor Howard nor Scroop with their
foraying crew,
E'er frightened our abbot like Wat o'
the Cleuch.

6

Wat o' the Cleuch he lighted down,
He knocked at the gate, but answer had
none;
He knocked again with thundering din,
At length he heard a stir within.
"Who raps so loud?" a voice 'gan cry;
"Swith! open the door," said Wat, "'t is
I."
Then some ran here and some ran there,
They whispered and muttered words of
prayer:

WAT O' THE CLEUCH

“Come quick!” cried Wat, and then
The door was oped by an abbot old,
With bushy beard and ronkled mould,
Who scarce could tears restrain:
O how he groaned and heaved the sigh
As the stark and stalwart chief strode by;
And if his prayer then we knew,
'T was not for grace to Wat o' the Cleuch.

7

Wat deigned no heed, but onward strode
To the chancel of the house of God;
He threw up his visor and helm to boot,
He wiped his brow and he looked about,
And fixed his eye on where a crowd
Of haggard friars trembling stood;

Then in deliberate way
His mighty two-hand sword he drew;
'T was broad and long, but of a hue
Ill suited fears to stay.

For segments deep of blackened red
Its polished side half covered,
As if half-way through many a head
It late had found its way.

8

What frame might brook that weapon's
fall!
For though the chief like oak was tall,

WAT O' THE CLEUCH

It reached so high, it swung so low,
It galled his shoulder and his toe;
And when that giant sword he drew!
His arm was bent around his brow:
When forth it came, the sooth to say,
It came with such resistless sway—
Woe to the wight stood in its way!—
And flickered in the light of heaven
Like streamer of the burning levin.

9

Wat drew that sword, I said before,
He gave it one brandish and no more;
It was enough—quick might you see,
Each monk, each friar, on his knee,
Kissing the cross, and calling loud;
O mercy! mercy! spare our blood,
For sake of him that died on rood!

10

Wat gave his sword a swing behind,
It whistled in the convent wind
With ireful sound; and by ill luck
Against the architrave it struck,
Just where Saint Peter held the key
Forth to the sainted Gregory.
Down came th' apostle from the wall,
The pope, the key, and pedestal.

WAT, O' THE CLEUCH

Wat looked behind, he looked before,
And, prostrate on the convent floor,
Beheld the canonized compeers
Amid their rueful worshippers:
Longer the scene he could not brook,
He laughed till all the rafters shook.

II

The grovelling monks upraised the head
Like martyrs rising from the dead;
Around they stared in dubious way,
And wist not what to think or say.

“Rise up, my friends—for friends we
are,
Why thus give way to idle fear?”

All that of you I crave
Is your best blessing—’t is a task
That you behoves—that boon I ask,
Ay, and that boon I’ll have.”

“That thou shalt have,” the sire replied,
“My worthy son, thy country’s pride.
In peace approved, in danger tried.

It well becomes the brave
To live, and walk thus holily;
Kneel down, Sir Knight, upon thy knee,
My blessing thou shalt have.”

WAT O' THE CLEUCH

12

"Beshrew thy heart!" said Wat in wrath,
"If that I do; for, in good faith,
Little I reck of idle breath,
Of mass or breviary;
Oft have I heard my grandam tell
When in our lady's gay chapelle
The consecrated torrent fell

From bedesman's hand on me,
How that I looked with such a frown,
As if I'd knock the dotard down
Who that unwelcome tide had thrown

So disrespectfully.
Ne'er since that day, when weetless,
Young, I was thus wronged,
God shield the right and ward the wrong!
Have I from priest or bedesman's tongue
Had benedicite.

13

"But, sire, I crave and claim withal
A blessing more substantial;
Dost thou not see, that my array
Has marched a rough and weary way,
Even from the Cleuch, since break of
day?
No food nor fare for us is left,
The land is harried and bereft

WAT O' THE CLEUCH

So wholly by the Southern host
That now lies camped on Lothian coast,
That, save what sanctuary contains,
Nor flock, nor herd, nor store remains.
Now, abbot, thou mayest well perceive
The blessing which from thee we crave."

14

"Forage! forage!" the abbot cried,
Glad so to 'scape was he;
Forth rushed the monks, and fast and
wide,
Even to the Baillie's ingle side,
Carried their reavery.

Some came with bread, and some with ale,
Some came with butter, cheese, and kail,
And some with doughty cogs of bröse,
The dole and dread of Scotland's foes!
And,—gladsome sight to warrior's eye,—
Came in the haggies reeking high
In fair and full rotundity.

The Bull-trout, Pike, and Grayling blue,
The Salmon of the silvery hue,
With Woodcock, Plover, and Curlew;
The Heath-fowl of the mountain high,
With downy leg and scarlet eye,
The Coney, Capercaile, and Hare,
And every forest bird was there;
With many snared the lakes among,

WAT O' THE CLEUCH

Numberless birds unknown to song,
If not to Bewick and Buffon.

15

Such only may and will I note,
As suiteth rhythm, and rhyme, and rote;
Such as the Grebe and Gullimote,
The Diver from St. Mary's pool,
The Avoset and Galinule,
The Bilcock, Egret, Ruff, the Mew,
The Whimbrel, and the Heronsheugh,
The Stint, the Phalarope, and Tern,
The Mergenser and Midnight Hern,
The Dunlin, Wagel, Piper-cock,
The Shoveller or Kellutock,
The Imber, from broad Ale-more lake,
The Tarroch, Tough, and Kittiwake;
These all were got, and all brought there,
It suits not how, it boots not where."

16

And there was kid from Cocket-dale,
And mutton from the banks of Kaile,
With head of ox, and ham of steer,
And rib of roe, and haunch of deer,
All placed before the mountaineer.

WAT O' THE CLEUCH

17

Placed did I say? Yes, by the rood,
'Twas placed, but there not long it
stood,

Vanished the beef with equal speed
As snowball tossed into the Tweed;
The forest fowls of flavour high
Faded in twinkling of an eye;
The mutton in a breath was gone,
Down went the sea-birds, skin and bone,
And of the haggies there was none.

18

The monks stood by with silent gaze,
Gaping in token of amaze,
Till up spoke Halbert of the Swire,
A son that not disgraced his sire;
Of Harden's doughty race was he,
And thus he spoke full pleasantlie:
"What would you think, my master dear,
For me I judge it meet and clear
That we and ours should winter here?"
With stifled groans the friars shook,
Eye turned on eye with speaking look—
That jest their stomachs could not brook.

WAT O' THE CLEUCH

19

“Yes,” cried the chief, and, turning, said
To Abbot John, who inly prayed,
“Your guerdon worse than that will be;
Father, I have not done with thee.”
A sudden and a hectic glow
Soon faded on the abbot’s brow,
Like that which dyes the mountain’s form,
The prelude of descending storm;
Next a dim yellow o’er it swept,
The hair upon his temples crept;
Like abbot chiselled out of stone
He sat, all still and woe-begone,
While thus the Mountain Chief went on.

20

“Father, thou knowest our mortal foe
Of late hath wrought us mickle woe,
Hath overrun the Border land
With fire, with foray, and with brand;
That still their bands are facing north,
And wasting even the shores of Forth,
While their huge stores the castles fill
Of Roxburgh, deemed impregnable;—
Could that by force or fraud be won,
Quick from our country they must run.
Though all unequal be the strife,
To win that place, for death or life,

WAT O' THE CLEUCH

Here am I come, right joyfully;
But much—nay all, depends on thee.
Either with warriors thou must wend,
Their motions guide, their strife attend,
Or teach to these, my friends, and me,
The whole cant of hypocrisy;
To con o'er chaplet, prayers to read,
To hand the chalice, book and bead;
Else as our leader thou art pledged,
For thou and thine are privileged."

21

"In either case," the abbot said,
And as he spoke he shook his head,
"In either case, Sir Knight," for me
Full hard, I ween, the task will be.
Put off these weeds of warrior trim,
And don the cowl and sackcloth grim,
Thy panoply of steel resign,
That stark unyielding brigandine,
And when thou'rt clothed in weeds of
woe

Soon will I tell thee, ay or no,
Whether with scrap of creed and mass
As genuine bedesman thou may'st pass."

22

Off went the cuishes and the greaves,
Jangled aloud the chained sleeves,

WAT O' THE CLEUCH

Down went the helm and plumage tall,
The corslet rattles on the wall,
And Wat, whose very meed was scathe,
He felt so light and free to breathe,
That swift as fire he flew upon
A friar of stupendous bone,
To reave his robes in grappling strife—
Without a stir Wat hated life:
He caught the friar by the nape,
Who stared at first with ghastly gape;
But, pricked by pain, enroused by spleen,
Or memory what he once had been,
He struck the chief a blow so rude,
It made him stagger where he stood,
While mouth and nose gushed red with
blood.

23

The mountain warriors laughed outright,
The monks stood trembling with affright,
They knew not Wat's supreme delight;
Up to the sullen friar he came,
And asked his lineage and his name.
"What boots it you?" he stern replied,
And flung his cumbrous frock aside;
"Think'st thou I blench at mortal frown?
I'm neither come of thief nor loun,
And that is more, 'twixt you and I,
Than *some* can say without a lie."

WAT O' THE CLEUCH

24

The dark chief gave delighted grin,
And wiped the blood-clots from his chin;
"Man, thou art brother of my heart,"
He said, "and hence we shall not part;
If thou not warrior turn with me,
I'll turn a saint and dwell with thee;
Or priest or layman, friend, or foe,
I love a man can lend a blow.
Give me thy hand—beshrew my blood
If I could deem that 'neath a hood
Was brow so stern, or eye so dark,
Or heart so true, or arm so stark:
Lend me thy cowl and sober weed
Until my noviceship be sped."

25

Now, gentle listener to my geste,
Restrain thy mirth if that thou mayest;
Ill suits it knight, or dame, or maid,
To laugh at truth when truth is said;
But sooth, such figure and such look
As Wat with crosier and with book,
Such rude unhyprocritic mien,
No churchman's eye had ever seen;
And, when essaying prayer to read
On book, by him ne'er opened,

WAT O' THE CLEUCH

His uncouth air and voice of thundering,
Misnaming, crossing, mixing, blunder-
ing—

No living man the scene could stand,
Each eye was shaded with the hand.

26

“Now, by the heaven,” said Abbot John,
“And all my hopes that hang thereon,
By every saint that churchman notes,
By all the souls of all the Scotts,
I swear—and soothly say to you,
Knight, this device will never do.”

“We’ll try once more,” said Wat, “and
then,”
“No, Knight, I tell thee it is vain.”

27

“O Christ!” in grievous fret, cried Wat,
“The Castle, Father, think of that!

That fortress might I win,
I would not scruple, no not I,
By night and day my task to ply
Until I learned the liturgy,

Each word and pause therein.
Trust me, to gain your privilege,
I would go on a pilgrimage,
With palmer’s weed and niggard fare,
Even to the holy sepulchre;

WAT O' THE CLEUCH

And if with your assistance true
The place I win, I pledge to you
A warrior's word, a warrior's hand,
One-half the spoil you shall command."

28

"Say thou no more," the sire replied,
"Bold brother Hew shall be your guide;
And by my faith in Saint Mary,
I know not braver wight than he,
Nor one will risk such desperate game
For maid immured or winsome dame,
Or with such manhood work his way
When husbands, sires, and serfs waylay.
At Nisbet, Holm, and Sorbytree,
Boonjeddwort, Nook, and Oxnam-lea,
Has Hew been caught and used full ill,
Yet brother Hew is living still;
His arm already have you tried,
And I should deem him trusty guide,
As ever stepped on Border side:
Well thrive the progress and event!
One-tenth the stores in Roxburgh pent
Would comfort much my friends and me,
And benefit our monastery.
God speed the mission! you shall want
No aid that Abbot John can grant."

James Hogg.

A Tale of Drury Lane

BY W. S.

"Thus he went on, stringing one extravagance upon another, in the style his books of chivalry had taught him, and imitating, as near as he could, their very phrase."

—*Don Quixote*.

[To be spoken by Mr. Kemble, in a suit of the Black Prince's armour, borrowed from the Tower.]

Survey this shield, all bossy bright—
These cuisses twain behold!
Look on my form in armour dight
Of steel inlaid with gold;
My knees are stiff in iron buckles,
Stiff spikes of steel protect my knuckles.
These once belong'd to sable prince,
Who never did in battle wince;
With valour tart as pungent quince,
He slew the vaunting Gaul.
Rest there awhile, my bearded lance,

A TALE OF DRURY LANE

While from green curtain I advance
To yon footlights, no trivial dance,
And tell the town what sad mischance
Did Drury Lane befall.

THE NIGHT

On fair Augusta's towers and trees
Flitted the silent midnight breeze,
Curling the foliage as it past,
Which from the moon-tipp'd plumage
cast
A spangled light, like dancing spray,
Then reassumed its still array;
When, as night's lamp unclouded hung,
And down its full effulgence flung,
It shed such soft and balmy power
That cot and castle, hall and bower,
And spire and dome, and turret height,
Appear'd to slumber in the light.
From Henry's chapel, Rufus' hall,
To Savoy, Temple, and St. Paul,
From Knightsbridge, Pancrās, Camden
Town,
To Redriff, Shadwell, Horsleydown,
No voice was heard, no eye unclosed,
But all in deepest sleep reposed.
They might have thought, who gazed
around
Amid a silence so profound,

A TALE OF DRURY LANE

It made the senses thrill,
That 't was no place inhabited;
But some vast city of the dead—
All was so hush'd and still.

THE BURNING

As Chaos, which, by heavenly doom,
Had slept in everlasting gloom,
Started with terror and surprise
When light first flashed upon her eyes—
So London's sons in nightcap woke,

In bedgown woke her dames;
For shouts were heard 'mid fire and
smoke,
And twice ten hundred voices spoke—

“The playhouse is in flames!”
And lo! where Catherine Street extends,
A fiery tail its lustre lends

To every window-pane;
Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
And Covent Garden kennels sport,

A bright ensanguined drain;
Meux's new brewhouse shows the light,
Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height

Where patent shot they sell;
The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall,
The ticket-porters' house of call,

A TALE OF DRURY LANE

Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,
And Richardson's Hotel.
Nor these alone, but far and wide,
Across red Thames's gleaming tide,
To distant fields, the blaze was borne,
And daisy white and hoary thorn
In borrow'd lustre seem'd to sham
The rose or red Sweet Wil-li-am.
To those who on the hills around
Beheld the flames from Drury's mound;
As from a lofty altar rise,
It seem'd that nations did conspire
To offer to the god of fire
Some vast stupendous sacrifice!
The summon'd firemen woke at call;
And hied them to their stations all:
Starting from short and broken snooze,
Each sought his pond'rous hobnailed
shoes,
But first his worsted hosen plied,
Plush breeches next, in crimson dyed,
His nether bulk embraced;
Then jacket thick, of red or blue;
Whose massy shoulder gave to view
The badge of each respective crew,
In tin or copper traced.
The engines thunder'd through the street,
Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,
And torches glared, and clattering feet
Along the pavement paced.

A TALE OF DRURY LANE

And one, the leader of the band,
From Charing Cross along the Strand,
Like stag by beagles hunted hard,
Ran till he stopp'd at Vin'gar Yard.
The burning badge his shoulder bore,
The belt and oilskin hat he wore,
The cane he had, his men to bang,
Show'd foreman of the British gang—
His name was Higginbottom. Now
'Tis meet that I should tell you how

The others came in view:
The Hand-in-Hand the race began,
Then came the Phoenix and the Sun,
Th' Exchange, where old insurers run,
The Eagle, where the new;
With these came Runford, Bumford, Cole,
Robins from Hockly in the Hole,
Lawson and Dawson, cheek by jowl,
Crump from St. Giles's Pound;
Whitford and Mitford join'd the train,
Huggins and Muggins from Chick Lane,
And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain

Before the plug was found.
Hobson and Jobson did not sleep,
But ah! no trophy could they reap,
For both were in the Donjon Keep
Of Bridewell's gloomy mound!

E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed;

A TALE OF DRURY LANE

Without, within, in hideous show,
Devouring flames resistless glow,
And blazing rafters downward go,
And never halloo "Heads below!"
Nor notice give at all.
The firemen terrified are slow
To bid the pumping torrent flow;
For fear the roof should fall.
Back, Robins, back! Crump, stand aloof;
Whitford, keep near the walls!
Huggins, regard your own behoof,
For, lo! the blazing rocking roof
Down, down, in thunder falls!
An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
And o'er the ruin's volumed smoke,
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
Conceal'd them from th' astonished crowd.
At length the mist awhile was clear'd,
When, lo! amid the wreck uprear'd,
Gradual a moving head appear'd,
And Eagle firemen knew
'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,
The foreman of their crew.
Loud shouted all in signs of woe,
"A Muggins! to the rescue, ho!"
And pour'd the hissing tide;
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggled all in vain,
For, rallying but to fall again,
He totter'd, sunk, and died!

AN TALE OF DRURY LANE.

Did none attempt, before he fell,
To succour one they loved so well?
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire
(His fireman's soul was all on fire)

His brother, chief to save;
But ah! his reckless generous ire,
Served but to share his grave!
Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Through fire and smoke, he dauntless
broke,

Where Muggins broke before.
But sulphury stench and boiling drench
Destroying sight o'whelmed him quite,
He sunk to rise no more.
Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved;
"Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps,
You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your
stumps,
Why are you in such doleful dumps?
A fireman, and afraid of bumps!—
What are they fear'd on? fools, 'od rot 'em!"
Were the last words of Higginbottom.

THE REVIVAL

Peace to his soul! new prospects bloom,
And toil rebuilds what fires consume!
Eat we and drink we, be our ditty,
"Joy to the managing committee!"

A TALE OF DRURY LANE

Eat we and drink we, join to rum
Roast beef and pudding of the plum;
Forth from thy nook, John Horner, come,
With bread of ginger brown thy thumb,
For this is Drury's gay day:
Roll, roll thy hoop, and twirl thy tops,
And buy, to glad thy smiling chops,
Crisp parliament with lolly-pops,
And fingers of the Lady.

Didst mark, how toil'd the busy train,
From morn to eve, till Drury Lane
Leap'd like a roebuck from the plain?
Ropes rose and stooped, and rose again,
And nimble workmen trod;
To realize bold Wyatt's plan
Rush'd many a howling Irishman;
Loud clatter'd many a porter-can,
And many a ruggamuffin clan,
With trowel and with hod.

Drury revives! her rounded pate
Is blue, is heavenly blue with slate;
She "wings the midway air", elate,
As magpie, crow, or chough;
White paint her modish visage smears,
Yellow and pointed are her ears.
No pendent portico appears
Dangling beneath, for Whitebread's shears
Have cut the bauble off.

A TALE OF DRURY LANE

Yes, she exalts her stately head;
And, but that solid bulk outspread,
Opposed you on your onward tread,
And posts and pillars warranted
That all was true that Wyatt said,
You might have deem'd her walls so
thick

Were not composed of stone or brick,
But all a phantom, all a trick,
Of brain disturb'd and fancy-sick,
So high she soars, so vast, so quick!

James Smith.

Southey

Imitation

INSCRIPTION

*For the Door of the Cell in Newgate,
where Mrs. Brownrigg, the Prentice-
cide, was confined previous to her
Execution.*

For one long term, or e'er her trial
came,
Here Brownrigg linger'd. Often have
these cells
Echoed her blasphemies, as with shrill
voice
She scream'd for fresh Geneva. Not to
her
Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy
street,
St. Giles, its fair varieties expand;
Till at the last, in slow-drawn cart, she
went

INSCRIPTION

To execution. Dost thou ask her crime?
SHE WHIPP'D TWO FEMALE PRENTICES TO
DEATH,

AND HID THEM IN THE COAL-HOLE. For
her mind
Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Sage
schemes!

Such as Lycurgus taught, when at the
shrine

Of the Orthyan Goddess he bade flog
The little Spartans; such as erst chastised
Our Milton, when at college. For this
act

Did Brownrigg swing. Harsh laws! But
time shall come,

When France shall reign, and laws be all
repeal'd!

George Canning.

Imitation



SAPPHICS

The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-grinder.

Friend of Humanity

“Needy Knife-grinder! whither are you
going?

Rough is the road, your wheel is out of
order—

Bleak blows the blast;—your hat has got
a hole in’t,

So have your breeches!

“Weary Knife-grinder! little think the
proud ones,

Who in their coaches roll along the turn-
pike-

Road, what hard work ’t is crying all day

“Knives and

Scissors to grind O!”

“Tell me, Knife-grinder, how came you
to grind knives?

Did some rich man tyrannically use you?

NEEDY KNIFE-GRINDER

Was it the squire: or parson of the
parish;

Or the attorney?

“Was it the squire, for killing of his
game? or

Covetous parson, for his tithes distrain-
ing?

Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your
little

All in a lawsuit?

“(Have you not read the Rights of Man
by Tom Paine?)

Drops of compassion tremble on my eye-
lids,

Ready to fall, as soon as you have told
your

Pitiful story.”

Knife-grinder

“Story! God bless you! I have none to
tell, sir,

Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you
see, were

Torn in a scuffle.

NEEDY KNIFE-GRINDER

"Constables came up for to take me
into

Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
-Stocks for a vagrant.

"I should be glad to drink your Honour's
health in

A pot of beer, if you will give me six-
pence;

But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir."

Friend of Humanity

"I give thee sixpence! I will see thee
damn'd first—

Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can
rouse to vengeance—

Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!"

[Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his
wheel, and exit in a transport of
Republican enthusiasm and universal
philanthropy.]

George Canning.

The Soldier's Wife

IMITATION

DACTYLICS

*Being the quintessence of all the Dactyls that
ever were, or ever will be written.*

*Humbly addressed to the Author of the
above.*

Wearisome Sonneteer, feeble and queru-
lous,
Painfully dragging out thy demo-cratic
lays—
Moon-stricken Sonneteer, “ah! for thy
heavy chance!”

Sorely thy Dactyls lag on uneven feet:
Slow is the syllable which thou wouldst
urge to speed,
Lame and o’erburthened, and “scream-
ing its wretchedness!”

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE

Ne'er talk of ears again! look at thy
spelling book;
Dilworth and Dyche are both mad at thy
quantities—
Dactyls, call'st thou 'em?—"God help
thee, silly one!"

George Canning.

The Soldier's Friend

DACTYLICS

Come little Drummer Boy, lay down your
knapsack here:

I am the Soldier's Friend—here are some
books for you;

Nice clever books by Tom Paine, the
philanthropist.

Here's half a crown for you—here are
some handbills too—

Go to the Barracks, and give all the
Soldiers some.

Tell them the Sailors are all in a Mutiny.

*[Exit Drummer Boy, with Handbills
and Half a crown—Manet Soldier's
Friend.]*

Liberty's friends thus all learn to amal-
gamate,

Freedom's volcanic explosion prepares it-
self.

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND

Despots shall bow to Fasces of Liberty,
Reason, philosophy, "fiddledum, diddle-
dum",

Peace and Fraternity, "higgledy, pig-
gledy",

Higgledy, piggledy, "fiddledum, diddle-
dum".

Et caetera, et caetera, et caetera.

George Canning.

Advice from a Caterpillar

“You are old,” Father William,” the
young man said,
“And your hair has become very
white ;
And yet you incessantly stand on your
head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?”

“In my youth,” Father William replied
to his son,
“I feared it might injure the brain;
But, now I am perfectly sure I have
none,
Why, I do it again and again.”

“You are old,” said the youth, “as I
mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly
fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at
the door—
Pray, what is the reason of that?”

ADVICE FROM A CATERPILLAR

"In my youth," said the sage, as he
shook his grey locks,

"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling
the box—

Allow me to sell you a couple?"

"You are old," said the youth, "and your
jaws are too weak

For anything tougher than suet ;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones
and the beak—

Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took
to the law,

And argued each case with my wife ;
And the muscular strength, which it gave
to my jaw,

Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth, "one
would hardly suppose

That your eye was as steady as ever ;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of
your nose—

What made you so awfully clever?"

ADVICE FROM A CATERPILLAR

"I have answered three questions, and
that is enough,"

Said his father; "don't give yourself
airs!

Do you think I can listen all day to such
stuff?

Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!"

Lewis Carroll.

The Rebuilding

BY R. S.

*"Per audaces nova dithyrambos
Verba devolvit, numerisque fertur
Lege solutis." Horat.*

Spoken by a Glendoveer

I am a blessed Glendoveer:
'Tis mine to speak, and yours to hear.
Midnight, yet not a nose
From Tower-hill to Piccadilly snored!
Midnight, yet not a nose
From Indra drew the essence of repose!
See with what crimson fury,
By Indra fann'd, the god of fire ascends
the walls of Drury!

Tops of houses blue with lead,
Bend beneath the landlord's tread.
Master and 'prentice, serving-man and lord,
Nailor and tailor,
Grazier and brazier,

THE REBUILDING

Through streets and alleys pour'd—
All, all abroad to gaze,
And wonder at the blaze.
Thick calf, fat foot, and slim knee,
Mounted on roof and chimney,
The mighty roast, the mighty stew
To see;
As if the dismal view
Were but to them a Brentford jubilee.
Vainly, all-radiant Surya, sire of Phaeton
(By Greeks call'd Apollo)
Hollow
Sounds from thy harp proceed;
Combustible as reed,
The tongue of Vulcan licks thy wooden
legs:
From Drury's top, dissever'd from thy pegs,
Thou tumblest,
Humblest,
Where late thy bright effulgence shone on
high;
While, by thy somerset excited, fly
Ten million
Billion
Sparks from the pit, to gem the sable sky.
Now come the 'men' of fire to quench the
fires;
To Russell Street see Globe and Atlas run,

THE REBUILDING

Hope gallops first, and second Sun;

On flying heel,

See Hand-in-Hand

O'ertake the band!

View with what glowing wheel

He nicks

Phoenix!

While Albion scampers from Bridge Street,

Blackfriars—

Drury Lane! Drury Lane!

Drury Lane! Drury Lane!

They shout and they bellow again and
again.

All, all in vain!

Water turns steam;

Each blazing beam

Hisses defiance to the eddying spout;

It seems but too plain that nothing can
put it out!

Drury Lane! Drury Lane!

See Drury Lane expires!

Pent in by smoke-dried beams, twelve
moons or more,

Shorn of his ray,

Surya in durance lay:

The workmen heard him shout,

But thought it would not pay,

To dig him out.

THE REBUILDING

When lo: terrific Yamen, lord of hell,
Solemn as lead,
Judge of the dead,
Sworn foe to witticism,
By men called criticism,
Came passing by that way:
Rise! cried the fiend, behold a sight of
gladness!
Behold the rival theatre!
I've set O.P. at her,
Who, like a bull-dog bold,
Growls and fastens on his hold.
The many-headed rabble roar in mad-
ness;
Thy rival staggers; come and spy
her
Deep in the mud as thou art in
the mire.
So saying, in his arms he caught the
beaming one,
And crossing Russell Street,
He placed him on his feet
Neath Covent Garden dome. Sud-
den a sound,
As of the bricklayers of Babel,
rose;
Horns, rattles, drums, tin trumpets, sheets
of copper,
Punches and slaps, thwacks of all sorts
and sizes,

THE REBUILDING

From the knobb'd bludgeon to the taper
switch,

Ran echoing round the walls; paper pla-
cards

Blotted the lamps, boots brown with mud
the benches;

A sea of heads rolled roaring in the
pit;

On paper wings O.P.'s

Reclin'd in lettered ease;

While shout and scoff,

Ya! ya! off! off!

Like thunderbolt on Surya's eardrum
fell,

And seem'd to paint

The savage oddities of Saint

Bartholomew in hell.

Tears dimm'd the god of light—

“Bear me back, Yamen, from this hideous
sight;

Bear me back, Yamen, I grow sick.

Oh! bury me again in brick;

Shall I on New Drury tremble,

To be O.P.'d like Kemble?

No,

Better remain by rubbish guarded,

Than thus hubbubish groan placarded;

Bear me back, Yamen, bear me quick,

And bury me again in brick.”

THE REBUILDING

Obedient Yamen
Answered, "Amen",
And did
As he was bid.

There lay the buried god, and Time
Seemed to decree eternity of lime;
But pity, like a dewdrop, gently prest
Almighty Veeshnoo's adamantine breast:
He, the preserver, ardent still
To do whate'er he says he will,
From South-hill wing'd his way,
To raise the drooping lord of day.

All earthly spells the busy one o'erpower'd;
He treats with men of all conditions.
Poets and players, tradesmen and mu-
sicians;
Nay, even ventures
To attack the renters,
Old and new:
A list he gets
Of claims and debts,
And deems nought done, while aught re-
mains to do.

Yamen beheld, and wither'd at the sight;
Long had he aim'd the sunbeam to control,
For light was hateful to his soul:
"Go on!" cried the hellish one, yellow
with spite;

THE REBUILDING

“Go on!” cried the hellish one, yellow
 with spleen,
“Thy toils of the morning, like Ithaca’s
 queen,
I’ll toil to undo every night.”

Ye sons of song, rejoice!
Veeshnoo has still’d the jarring elements,
 The spheres hymn music;
 Again the god of day
 Peeps forth with trembling ray,
Wakes from their humid caves, the sleep-
 ing Nine,
And pours at intervals a strain divine.
“I have an iron yet in the fire,” cried
 Yamen;
“The vollied flame rides in my breath,
My blast is elemental death;
This hand shall tear your paper bonds to
 pieces;
Ingross your deeds, assignments, leases,
 My breath shall every line erase
 Soon as I blow the blaze.”
The lawyers are met at the Crown and
 Anchor,
And Yamen’s visage grows blanker and
 blanker;
The lawyers are met at the Anchor and
 Crown,
And Yamen’s cheek is a russety brown:

THE REBUILDING

Veeshnoo, now thy work proceeds;
The solicitor reads,
And, merit of merit!
Red wax and green ferret
Are fixed at the foot of the deeds!

Yamen beheld them and shiver'd;
His finger and thumb were cramped;
His ear by the flea in't was bitten,
When he saw by the lawyer's clerk written,
Sealed and delivered,
(Being first duly stamped).

"Now for my turn!" the demon cries, and
blows
A blast of sulphur from his mouth and
nose.

Ah! bootless aim! the critic fiend,
Sagacious Yamen, judge of hell,
Is judged in his turn;
Parchment won't burn!
His schemes of vengeance are dissolv'd
in air,
Parchment won't tear!!

Is it not written in the Himakoot book,
(That mighty Baly from Kehama took)
"Who blows on pounce
Must the Swerga renounce?"
It is! it is! Yamen, thine hour is nigh:
Like as an eagle claws an asp,

THE REBUILDING

Veeshnoo has caught him in his mighty
grasp,

And hurl'd him, in spite of his shrieks and
his squalls,

Whizzing aloft, like the Temple fountain,
Three times as high as Meru mountain,

Which is
Ninety-nine times as high as St. Paul's.

Descending, he twisted like Levy the Jew,
Who a durable grave meant

To dig in the pavement

Of Monument-yard:

To earth by the laws of attraction he flew,
And he fell, and he fell

To the regions of hell;
Nine centuries bounced he from cavern
to rock,

And his head, as he tumbled, went nickety-
nock,

Like a pebble in Carisbrook well.

Now Veeshnoo turn'd round to a capering
varlet,

Arrayed in blue and white and scarlet,
And cried, "O! brown of slipper as of hat!

Lend me, Harlequin, thy bat!"

He seized the wooden sword, and smote the
earth;

When lo! upstarting into birth

THE REBUILDING

A fabric, gorgeous to behold,
Outshone in elegance the old,
And Veeshnoo saw, and cried, "Hail,
playhouse mine!"

Then, bending his head, to Surya he said;
"Soon as thy maiden sister Di
Caps with her copper lid the dark-blue sky,
And through the fissures of her clouded fan
Peeps at the naughty monster man,
Go mount yon edifice.
And show thy steady face
In renovated pride,
More bright, more glorious than before!"
But ah! coy Surya still felt a twinge,
Still smarted from his former sin;
And to Veeshnoo replied,
In a tone rather gruff,
"No thank you! one tumble's enough!"

James Smith.

The Curse of the Laureate

Carmen Judiciale

I

In vale of Thirlemere, once on a time,
When birds sung sweet and flowers were
in the spring,
While youth and fancy wantoned in their
prime,
I laid me down in happy slumbering;
The heavens in balmy breezes breathed
deep,
My senses all were lulled in grateful,
joyous sleep.

2

Sleep had its visions—fancy, all unswayed,
Revelled in fulness of creative power:
I weened that round me countless beings
strayed,
Things of delight, illusions of an hour;

CURSE OF THE LAUREATE

So great the number of those things divine,
Scarce could my heart believe that all the
 imps were mine.

3

Yet mine they were, all motley as they
 moved;

Careless I viewed them, yet I loved
 to view;

The world beheld them, and the world
 approved,

And blest the train with smiles and
 plaudits due:

Proud of approval, to myself I said,
From out the group I'll chuse, and breed
 one favourite maid.

4

Joan I chose, a maid of happy mien;

Her form and mind I polished with care;

A docile girl she proved, of moping vein,

Slow in her motion, haughty in her air;

Some mentioned trivial blame, or slightly
 frowned;

Forth to the world she went, her heavenly
 birth it owned.

CURSE OF THE LAUREATE

5

The next, a son, I bred a Mussulman;
With creeds and doctrines I was hard
bested,
For which was right or wrong I could
not tell,
So I resolved my offspring should be
bred
As various as their lives—the lad I loved,
A boy of wild unearthly mien he proved.

6

Then first I noted in my mazy dream
A being scarcely of the human frame,
A tiny thing that from the north did seem,
With swaggering, fuming impotence he
came;
I fled not, but I shuddered at his look;
Into his tutelage my boy he took.

7

Each principle of truth and purity,
And all that merited the world's acclaim,
This fiend misled—nor could I ever free
From his destroying grasp my darling's
fame:
But yet I could not ween that heart of gall
Could be a foe to one, whose heart beat
kind to all.

CURSE OF THE LAUREATE

8

My third, a Christian and a warrior true,
A bold adventurer on foreign soil,
And next, his brother, a supreme Hindu,
I reared with hope, with joy, and painful
toil.

Alas! my hopes were vain! I saw them
both
Reft by an emmet!—crushed before a
moth!

9

Still could I not believe his vengeful spite,
For in his guise a speciousness appeared;
My bitterness of heart I feigned light;
But wholly as he urged my next I reared:
He said of all the gang he was the best,
And wrung his neck before my eyes in jest.

10

From that time forth, an independent look,
A bold effrontery I did essay;
But of my progeny no pains I took,
Like lambs I reared them for the lion's
prey;
And still as playful forth they passed from
me,
I saw them mocked and butchered wan-
tonly.

CURSE OF THE LAUREATE

11

“Just Heaven!” said I, “to thy awards
I bow,
For truth and vengeance are thine own
alone;
Are these the wreaths thou deigned to
bestow
On bard, whose life and lays, to virtue
prone,
Have never turned aside on devious way?
Is this the high reward, to be of fools
the prey?”

12

A laugh of scorn the welkin seemed to rend,
And by my side I saw a form serene;
“Thou bard of honour, virtue’s firmest
friend,”
He said, “can’st thou thus fret? or dost
thou ween
That such a thing can work thy fame’s
decay?
Thou art no fading bloom—no floweret
of a day!

13

“When his o’erflowings of envenomed
spleen
An undistinguished dunghill mass shall
lie,

CURSE OF THE LAUREATE

The name of SOUTHEY, like an ever-
green,
Shall spread, shall blow, and flourish
to the sky;
To Milton and to Spenser next in fame,
O'er all the world shall spread thy laurelled
name."

14

"Friend of the bard," I said, "behold thou
hast

The tears of one I love o'er blushes shed;
Has he not wrung the throb from parent's
heart,

And stretched his hand to reave my
children's bread?

For every tear that on their cheeks hath
shone,

O may that Aristarch with tears of blood
atone!"

15

"If cursing thou delightest in," he replied,

"If rage and execration is thy meed,
Mount the tribunal—Justice be thy guide,

Before thee shall he come his rights to
plead;

To thy awards his fate forthwith is given,
Only, be justice thine, the attribute of
Heaven."

(B 958)

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17

CURSE OF THE LAUREATE

16

Gladly I mounted, for before that time
Merit had crowned me with unfading
bays.

Before me was brought in that man of
crime,

Who with unblushing front his face did
raise:

But, when my royal laurel met his sight,
He pointed with his thumb, and laughed
with all his might.

17

Maddening at impudence so thorough-
bred,

I rose from off my seat with frown severe,
I shook my regal sceptre o'er his head—

“Hear, culprit, of thy crimes, and sentence
hear!

Thou void of principle! of rule! of ruth!
Thou renegade from nature and from truth!

18

“Thou bane of genius!—party’s sordid
slave!

Mistaken, perverse, crooked is thy mind!
No humble son of merit thou wilt save,
Truth, virtue, ne’er from thee did friend-
ship find;

CURSE OF THE LAUREATE

And while of freedom thou canst fume and
rave,
Of titles, party, wealth, thou art the cringing
slave!

19

“Thou hast renounced Nature for thy
guide,
A thousand times hast given thyself the
lie,
And raised thy party-curs to wealth and
pride,
The very scavengers of poetry.
Thy quibbles are from ray of sense exempt,
Presumptuous, pitiful, below contempt!

20

“Answer me, viper! here do I arraign
Thy arrogant, self-crowned majesty!
Hast thou not prophesied of dole and pain,
Weakening the arms of nations and of
me?
Thou foe of order!—Mercy lingers sick—
False prophet! Canker! Damned heretic!”

21

Then pointing with my sceptre to the sky,
With vehemence that might not be re-
strained,

CURSE OF THE LAUREATE

I gave the awful curse of destiny!

I was asleep, but sore with passion
pained.

It was a dreadful curse; and to this day,
Even from my waking dreams it is not
worn away.

The Curse

May heaven and earth,
And hell underneath,
Unite to ensting thee
In horrible wrath.

May scorning surround thee,
And conscience astound thee,
High genius o'erpower,
And the devil confound thee.

The curse be upon thee
In pen and in pocket,
Thy ink turn to puddle,
And gorge in the socket;
Thy study let rats destroy,
Vermin and cats annoy,
Thy base lucubrations
To tear and to gnaw,
Thy false calculations
In Empire and Law.

The printers shall harass,
The devil shall dun thee,
The trade shall despise thee,

CURSE OF THE LAUREATE

And C—t—e shun thee.
The judge shall not hear thee,
But frown and pass by thee,
And clients shall fear thee,
And know thee, and fly thee!
I'll hunt thee, I'll chase thee,
To scorn and deride thee,
The cloud shall not cover,
The cave shall not hide thee;
The scorching of wrath
And of shame shall abide thee,
Till the herbs of the desert
Shall wither beside thee.
Thou shalt thirst for revenge
And misrule, as for wine,
But genius shall flourish!
And royalty shine!
And thou shalt remain
While the Laureate doth reign,
With a fire in thy heart,
And a fire in thy brain,
And Fame shall disown thee!
And visit thee never,
And the curse shall be on thee
For ever and ever!

James Hogg.

Hogg

The Gude Greye Katt

There wase ane katt, and ane gude greye
katt,

That duallit in the tour of Blain,
And mony haif hearit of that gude katt,
That neur shall heare agayn.

Scho had ane brynd upon hir backe,
And ane brent abone hir bree;
Hir culoris war the merilit heuis
That dappil the krene-berrye.

But scho had that withyn hir ee
That man may neur declare,
For scho had that withyn hir ee
Quhich mortyl dochtne beare.

Sumtymis ane ladye sochte the tour,
Of ryche and fayre beautye:

THE GUDE GREYE KATT

Sumtymis ane maukyn cam therin,
Hytchyng rycht wistfullye.

But quhan they serchit the touir of Blain,
And socht it sayre and lang,
They fande nocht but the gude greye katt
Sittyng thrummyng at hir sang;

And up scho rase and pacit hir wayis
Full stetlye owre the stene,
And streikit out hir braw hint-leg,
As nocht at all had bene.

Weil mocht the wyfis in that kintrye
Rayse up ane grefous stir,
For neur ane katt in all the lande
Durst moop or melle wyth hir.

Quhaneuir theye lukit in hir fece
Their fearis greue se ryfe,
Theye snirtit, and theye yollit throu
frychte,
And rann for dethe and lyfe.

The Lairde of Blain he had ane spouis,
Beth cumlye, gude, and kynde;
But scho had gane to the landis of pece,
And left him sad behynde;

THE GUDE GREYE KATT

He had seuin dochteris all se fayre,
Of mayre than yerdlye grece,
Seuin bonnyer babis neuir braithit ayre,
Or smylit in parentis fece.

Ane daye quhan theye war all alane,
He sayde with hevye mene;
“Quhat will cum of ye, my deire babyis,
Now quhan your moderis gene?

“O quha will leide your tendyr myndis,
The pethe of ladyhoode,
To thynke as ladye ocht to thynke,
And feele as mayden sholde?

“Weil mot it kythe in maydenis mynde,
And maydenis modestye,
The want of hir that weil wase fit
For taske unmeite for me!”

But up then spak the gude greye katt
That satt on the herthe stene,
“O hald yer tung, my deire maister,
Nor mak se sayre ane mene;

“For I will breide your seuin dochteris,
To winsum ladyhoode,
To thynke as ladyis ocht to thynke,
And feile as maydenis sholde.

THE GUDE GREYE KATT

“I'll breide them fayre, I'll breide them
free

From every seye of syn,
Fayre as the blumyng roz withoute,
And pure in herte withyn.”

Rychte sayre astoundit wase the Lairde,
Ane frychtenit man wase he;
But the seuite babyis war full faine,
And chicklit joyfullye.

May Ella tooke the gude greye katt
Rychte fondlye on hir knee,
“And hethe my pussye lernit to speike?
I troue scho lernit of me.”

The katt, scho thrummyt at hir sang,
And turnit hir haffet sleike,
And drewe hir bonnye bassenyt side,
Againste the babyis cheike.

But the Lairde he was ane cunnyng
Lairde,
And he saide with speechis fayre,
“I haif a feste in hall to nychte,
Sweite pussye, be you there”.

The katt scho set ane luke on him,
That turnit his herte til stene;

THE GUDE GREYE KATT

"If you haif feste in hall to nychte, I
I shall be there for ane".

The feste wass laide, the tabil spread
With ryche and nobil store,
And there was set the Byschope of Blain,
With all his holy kore;

He wase ane wyce and wylie wychte
Of wytch and warlockrye,
And mony ane wyfe had byrnit to coome,
Or hangit on ane tre.

He kenit their merkis and molis of hell,
And made them joiffully
Ryde on the reid-het gad of ern,
Ane pleasaunt sycht to se.

The Byschope said ane holye grace,
Unpatiente to begyn,
But nathyng of the gude greye katt
Was funde the touir withyn;

But in there cam ane fayre ladye,
Cledd in the silken sheene,
Ane winsumer and bonnyer may
On yerde was neuir seene;

Scho tuke her sete at tabil heide,
With courtlye modestye,

THE GUDE GREYE KATT

Quhill ilken bosome byrnit with lufe,
And waulit ilken ee.

Sueite was hir voyce to all the ryng,
Unlesse the Lairde of Blain,
For he had hearit that very voyce
From off his own herthe stene.

He barrit the doris and windois fast,
He barrit them to the jynne;
“Now in the grece of Heuin,” said he,
“Your excercyse begyn;

“There is ne grece nor happynesse
For my poor babyis soulis,
Until you trye that weirdlye wytych,
And rost hir on the colis.

“If this be scho,” the Byschope saide,
“This beauteous cumlye may,
It is meite, I try hir all alone
To heire quhat scho will saye”.

“No,” quod the Lairde, “I suthelye
sweire
None shall from this proceide,
Until I see that wycked wytych
Byrnt til ane izel reide.

THE GUDE GREYE KATT

The Byschope knelit doune and prayit,
 Quhill all their hayris did creipe;
And aye he hoonit and he prayit,
 Quhil all war faste asleipe;

He prayit gain syn and Sauten bothe,
 And deidis of shyft and schame;
But all the tyme his faithful handis
 Pressit the cumlye dame.

Weil saw the Lairde, but nething saide,
 He kenit, in holye zele,
He grepit for the merkis of hell,
 Whilk he did ken ful weil.

And aye he pressit hir lillye hande,
 And kyssit it ferventlye,
And prayit betweine, for och ane kynde
 And lufying preste was he!

The Byschope stappit and sterted 'sore,
 Wide gaipen with affrychte,
For och that fayre and lillye hande
 Had turned ane paw outrychte!

Ane paw with long and crukit clawis!
 That breste of heuinlye charme
Had turnit till brusket of ane katt,
 Ful hayrie and ful warme!

THE GUDE GREYE KATT

And there scho satt on lang-settil,
With een of glentyng flame,
And theye war on the Byschope sett
Lyke poynter on his game.

The Byschope turnit him runde aboute
To se quhat he mocht se,
Scho strak ane clawe in ilken lug,
And throu the rofe did flee.

The katt went throu withouten stop
Lyke schado throu the daye,
But the great Byschopis fleschlye forme
Made all the rofe gif waye;

The silyng faldit lyke ane buke,
The serker crashit amayne,
And shredis and flenis of brokyn stenis
Fell to the grunde lyke rayne.

The braide ful mone wase up the lyft,
The nychte wase lyke ane daye,
As the greate Byschope tuke his jante
Up throu the milkye-waye;

He cryit se loude and lustilye
The hillis and skyis war riuen;
Och sicken cryis war neuir hearit
Atweine the yerde and heuin!

THE GUDE GREYE KATT

They sawe him spurrying in the ayre,
And flynging horredlye,
And than he prayit and sang ane saum,
For ane fearit wychte was he;

But aye his waylingis fainter greue
As the braide lyft he crossit,
Quhill sum saide that theye hearit them
still,
And sum saide all wase lost.

There was ane herd on Dollar-Lawe,
Turnyng his flockis by nychte,
Or stealyng in ane gude haggysse
Before the mornyng lychte.

He hearit the cryis cum yont the heuin,
And sawe them bethe passe bye;
The katt scho skreuit up hir taile
As sayrlye pinchit to flye.

But aye scho thrummyt at hir sang,
Though he wase sore in thrall,
Like katt that hethe ane jollye mouse
Gaun murryng through the hall.

That greye kattis sang it was se swete,
As on the nychte it fell,
The Murecokis dancit ane seuinsum ryng
Arunde the hether bell;

THE GUDE GREYE KATT

The Foumartis jyggit by the brukis,
The Maukinis by the kaile,
And the Otar dancit ane minowaye
As he gaed our the daile;

The Hürchanis helde ane kintrye dance
Along the brumye knowe,
And the gude Toop-hogg rase frae his
layre
And ualtzit with the Youe.

THE GREYE KATTIS SANG

Murr, my Lorde Byschope,
I syng to you;
Murr, My Lord Byschope,
Bawllillilu!
Murr, my Lord Byschope, &c.

That nychte ane hynde on Border syde
Chancit at his dore to be;
He spyit ane greate clypse of the mone,
And ben the house ran he;

He laide ane wisp upon the colis,
And bleue full lang and sayre,
And rede the Belfaste Almanake,
But the clypse it wase not there.

Och but that hynde wase sor aghaste,
And haf to madnesse driuen,

THE GUDE GREYE KATT

For he thochte he hearit ane dronnyng
man
Syching alangis the heuin.

That nychte ane greate Filossifere
Had watchit on Etnyis height,
To merk the rysing of the sonne,
And the blythsum mornyng lychte;

And all the lychtlye lynis of goude,
As on the se they fell;
And watch the fyir and the smoke,
Cum rummilyng up fra hell.

He lukit este, the daye cam on,
Upon his gladsum pethe,
And the braid mone hang in the west,
Her paleness wase lyke dethe;

And by her sat ane littil stern,
Quhan all the laife war gane,
It was lyke ane wee fadying geme
In the wyde worild its lane.

Then the Filossifere was sadde,
And he turnit his ee away,
For they mindit him of the yerdlye greate,
In dethe or in decaye:

THE GUDE GREYE KATT

He turnit his face unto the north,
The fallyng teare to drie,
And he spyit ane thyng of wonderous
maike,
Atweine the yerde and skie;

It was lyke ane burd withoutten wyng,
Rychte wonderous to beholde;
And it bure ane forked thyng alang,
With swiftnesse manyfolde:

But aye it greue as neare it dreue—
His herte bete wondir sayre!
The sonne, the mone, and sternis' war
to gaine,
He thocht of them ne mayre,
Quhan he behelde ane jollye preste
Cumyng swyggyng throu the ayre.

The katt scho helde him by the luggis
Atour the ausum hole,
And och the drede that he wase in
Wase mayre than man colde thole;

He cryit, "O Pussye, hald your gryp,
O hald and dinna spaire;
O drap me in the yerde or se,
But dinna drap me there".

THE GUDE GREYE KATT

But scho wase ane doure and deidlye
katt,

And scho saide with lychtsum ayre,
“You kno heuin is ane blissit plece,
And all the prestis gang there”.

“Och sweete, sweete Pussye, half your
gryp,

Spaire nouthir cleke nor clawe;
Is euir that lyke beuin abone,
In quhich am lyke to fa’?”

And aye scho hang him by the luggis
Abone the ausum den,
Till he fand the gryp rive slowlye out,
Sore was he quakyng then!

Doune went the Byschope, doune lyke
leide,

Into the hollow nychte,
His goun was flapping in the ayre,
Quhan he was out of sychte.

They hearit him honyng down the deep,
Till the croone it dyit awaye,
It wase lyke the stoune of ane great
bom-be
Gaun soundyng throu the daye.

THE GUDE GREYE KATT

All wase in sloomeryng quietnesse,
Quhan he went doune to hell,
But seckn an houre wase neuir seine,
Quhan the gude lorde Byschope fell.

Then cam the smouder and the smoke
Up raschyng vilentlye,
And it tourackit awaye till heuin
Ane gloryous sychte to se;

For aye it rowed its fleecye curlis
Out to the rysing sonne,
And the estern syde was gildit goude,
And all the westlin dunne.

Then the Filossifere was muvit,
And he wist not quhat til say,
For he saw nochte of the gude greye
katt;
But he saw ane ladye gay.

Hir goune wase of the gress-greene sylk,
And hir ee wase lyke the deue,
And hir hayre wase lyke the threidis of
goude
That runde her shoulderis fleue.

Hir gairtenis war the raynbowis heme,
That scho tyit anethe hir knee,

THE GUDE GREYE KATT

And aye scho kemit hir yellow hayre,
And sang full pleasauntlye.

“I am the Queen of the Fairy Land,
I’ll do ne harme to thee,
For I am the gardian of the gude,
Let the wycked be ware of me.

“There ar seuin pearlis in yonder tour,
Their number sune shall wane;
There are seuin flouris in fayre Scotland,
I’ll pu them ane by ane;

“And the weeist burd in all the bouir
Shall be the last that is taene;
The Lairde of Blain hethe seuin dochteris,
But sune he shall haif nane.

“I’ll bathe them all in the krystal streime
Throu the Fairy Land that flouis,
I’ll seike the bouris of paradyce
For the bonnyest flouir that blouis,

“And I’ll distil it in the deue
That fallis on the hillis of heuin,
And the hues that luvely angelis weire
Shall to these maidis be giuen.

“And I’ll trie how luvely and how fayre
Their formis may be to see, •

THE GUDE GREYE KATT

And I'll trie how pure the maydenis mynde
In this ill world may be."

The Lairde of Blain he walkis the wode,
But he walkis it all alane;
The Lairde of Blain had seuin dochteris,
But now he hethe not ane.

They neur war on dethbed layde,
But they elyit all awaye;
He lost his babyis ane by ane
Atween the nychte and day.

He kend not quhat to thynk or saye,
Or quhat did him beseime,
But he walkit throu this weirye world
Like ane that is in a dreime.

Quhan seuin lang yearis, and seuin lang
daies,
Had slowlye cumit and gane,
He walkit throu the gude grene wode,
And he walkit all alane;

He turnit his fece unto the skie,
And the teire stude in his ee,
For he thocht of the ladye of his lufe,
And his lost familye:

THE GUDE GREYE KATT

But aye his fayth was firm and sure,
And his trust in Heuin still,
For he hopit to meite them all agayne
Beyond the reiche of ill:

And aye the teiris fell on the grene,
As he knelit downe to praye,
But he wase se muvit with tendirnesse
That ane worde he colde not say.

He lukit oure his left shouldir
To se quhat he mocht se:
There he behelde seuin bonnye maydis
Cumyng tryppying owre the le!

Sic beautye ee had neur seine,
Nor neur agayne shall se,
Sic luvely formis of flesche and blude,
On yerde can neur be;

The joie that bemit in ilken ee
Wase lyke the risyng sonne,
The fayriste blumis in all the wode
Besyde their formis war dunne;

There wase ane wrethe on ilken heide,
On ilken bosom thre,
And the brychtest flouris the worlde e'er
saw
War noddying owre the bre.

THE GUDE GREYE KATT

But cese yer strayne, my gude auld herpe,
O cese and syng ne mayre!
Gin ye wolde of that meityng tell,
O I mocht reue it sayre!

There wolde ne ee in faire Scotland,
Nor luvlye cheike be drie;
The laveroke wolde forget hir sang,
And drap deide fra the skie;

And the desye wolde ne mayre be quhyte,
And the lillye wolde chainge hir heue,
For the blude-drapis wolde fal fra the
mone,
And reiden the mornyng deue.

But quhan I tell ye oute my tale,
Ful playnlye ye will se,
That quhare there is ne syn nor schame
No sorroue there can be.

James Hogg.

Landor

IX. Of W. S. (Mr.)

FOR GREEK IAMBICS

Pe. Not so, my liege, for even now the
town

Splits with sedition, and the incensed mob
Rush hither roaring.

Olc. Let them roar their fill,
Bluster and bellow till the enormous wings
Of gusty Boreas flap with less ado.
Ask they my treacherous nephew's wretched
life,

As if that order were a thing of nought
Which I did publish? Let them beg or
threaten,

I'll not regard them. Oh my trusty friend,
There is no rock defies the elements
With half the constancy that kinglike men
Shut up their breasts against such routs
as these.

OF W. S.

Pe. O my most valiant lord, I feel 'tis
so.

Permit me to advance against the foe.
[Olcis and Terranea, Act IV.,
Sc. iii.]

James Kenneth Stephen.

Lamb

Nonsense Verses



Lazy - bones, lazy - bones, wake up, and
peep!

The cat's in the cupboard, your mother's
asleep.

There you sit snoring, forgetting her
ills;

Who is to give her her bolus and pills?

Twenty fine angels must come into
town,

All for to help you to make your new
gown;

Dainty Aerial, Spinsters, and Singers;

Aren't you ashamed to employ such white
fingers?

Delicate hands, unaccustom'd to reels,

To set 'em a working a poor body's
wheels?

NONSENSE VERSES

Why they came down is to me all a
riddle,
And left Hallelujah broke off in the
middle;
Jones Court, and the Presence angelical,
cut—
To eke out the work of a lazy young
slut.

Angel-duck, angel-duck, winged and silly,
Pouring a watering-pot over a lily,
Gardener gratuitous, careless of pelf,
Leave her to water her lily herself,
Or to neglect it to death if she choose it:
Remember her love is her own, if she
lose it.

Charles Lamb.

Moore

The Last Lamp in the Alley



The last lamp of the alley
Is burning alone !
All its brilliant companions
Are shivered and gone.
No lamp of her kindred,
No burner is nigh,
To rival her glimmer,
Or light to supply.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one !
To vanish in smoke;
As the bright ones are shattered,
Thou too shalt be broke.
Then kindly I scatter
Thy globe o'er the street,
Where the watch in his rambles
Thy fragments shall meet.

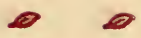
THE LAST LAMP

Then home will I stagger
As well as I may;
By the light of my nose sure
I'll find out the way.
When thy blaze is extinguished,
Thy brilliancy gone,
Oh! my beak shall illumine
The alley alone.

William Maginn

From hence will I depart
And with a heavy heart
By the light of the moon
I'll go and find you
Where the place is
I'll be there
I'll be there
I'll be there
I'll be there

**A Sensible Girl's
Reply to Moore's**



“Our couch shall be roses all spangled
with dew!”
It would give me rheumatics, and so it
would you.

Walter Savage Landor.

Millikin

The Groves of Blarney

I

The groves of Blarney,
They look so charming,
Down by the purlings
Of sweet silent brooks,
All decked by posies
That spontaneous grew there,
Planted in order
In the rocky nooks.
'Tis there the daisy,
And the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink,
And the rose so fair;
Likewise the lily,
And the daffodilly—
All flowers that scent
The sweet open air.

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY

II

'Tis Lady Jeffers
Owns this plantation;
Like Alexander,
Or like Helen fair,
There's no commander
In all the nation,
For regulation,
Can with her compare.
Such walls surround her,
That no nine-pounder
Could ever plunder
Her place of strength;
But Oliver Cromwell,
Her he did pommel,
And made a breach
In her battlement.

III

There is a cave where
No daylight enters,
But cats and badgers
Are for ever bred;
And mossed by nature
Makes it completer
Than a coach-and-six,
Or a downy bed.

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY

'Tis there the lake is
Well stored with fishes,
And comely eels in
The verdant mud;
Besides the leeches,
And groves of beeches,
Standing in order
To guard the flood.

IV

There gravel walks are
For recreation,
And meditation
In sweet solitude.
'Tis there the lover
May hear the dove, or
The gentle plover,
In the afternoon;
And if a lady
Would be so engaging
As for to walk in
Those shady groves,
'Tis there the courtier
Might soon transport her
Into some fort, or
The "sweet rock-close".

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY

V

There are statues gracing
This noble place in—
All heathen gods,
And nymphs so fair;
Bold Neptune, Cæsar,
And Nebuchadnezzar,
All standing naked
In the open air!
There is a boat on
The lake to float on,
And lots of beauties
Which I can't entwine;
But were I a preacher,
Or a classic teacher,
In every feature
I'd make 'em shine!

VI

There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses
To grow eloquent.
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member
Of Parliament:

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY

A clever spouter
He'll sure turn out, or
An out-and-outer,
"To be let alone".
Don't hope to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him;
Sure he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney stone!

Le Bois de
Blarnaye

I

Charmans bocages !
Vous me ravissez,
Que d'avantages
Vous réunissez !
Rochers sauvages,
Paisibles ruisseaux,
Tendres ramages
De gentils oiseaux :
Dans ce doux parage
Aimable Nature
A fait étalage
D'éternelle verdure ;
Et les fleurs, à mesure
Qu'elles croissent, à raison
De la belle saison
Font briller leur parure !

II

C'est Madame de Jefferts
Femme pleine d'adresse,

LE BOIS DE BLARNA YE

Qui sur ces beaux déserts
Règne en fière princesse.
Elle exerce ses droits
Comme dame maîtresse,
Dans cette forteresse
Que là haut je vois.
Plus sage mille fois
Qu'Hélène ou Cléopatre,
Cromvel seul put l'abbâtre,
La mettant aux abois,
Quand, allumant sa mèche,
Point ne tira au hasard,
Mais bien dans son rempart
Fit irréparable brèche.

III

Il est dans ces vallons
Une sombre caverne,
Où jamais nous n'allons
Qu'armés d'une lanterne.
La mousse en cette grotte
Tapissant chaque motte
Vous offre des sofas ;
Et là se trouve unie
La douce symphonie
Des hiboux et des chats
Tout près on voit un lac,
Où les poissons affluent,
Avec assez de sangsues
Pour en remplir un sac ;

LE BOIS DE BLARNAYE

Et sur ces bords champêtres
On a planté des hêtres.

IV

Ici l'homme atrabilaire
Un sentier peut choisir
Pour y suivre à loisir
Son rêve solitaire,
Quand une nymphe cruelle
L'a mis au désespoir,
Sans qu'il puisse émouvoir
L'inexorable belle,
Quel doux repos je goûte,
Assis sur ce gazon !
Du rossignol j'écoute
Le tendre diapason.
Ah ! dans cet antre noir
Puisse ma Léonore,
Celle que mon cœur adore,
Venir furtive au soir !

V

Dans ces classiques lieux
Plus d'une statue brille,
Et se présente aux yeux
En parfait déshabille !
Là Neptune on discerne,
Et Jules César en plomb,
Et Venus, et le tronc
Du Général Holoferne.

LE BOIS DE BLARNAYE

Veut-on vogueur au large
Sur ce lac? un esquif
Offre à l'amateur craintif
Les chances d'un naufrage.
Que ne suis-je Victor Hugo,
Ou quelque'auteur en vogue,
En ce genre d'églogue
Je n'aurais pas d'égaux.

VI

Une pierre s'y rencontre,
Estimable trésor,
Qui vaut son poids en or
Au guide qui la montre.
Qui baise ce monument;
Acquiert la parole
Qui doucement cajole;
Il devient éloquent.
Au boudoir d'une dame
Il sera bien reçu,
Et même à son insçu
Fera naître une flamme
Homme à bonnes fortunes,
A lui on peut se fier,
Pour mystifier
La Chambre des Communes.¹

¹Ici finist le Poème dit le Bois de Blarnaye,
copié du Livre de Doomsdaye, A.D. 1069.

Blarneum
Nemus



I

Quisquis hic in laetis
Gaudes errare viretis,
Turrigeras rupes
Blarnea saxa stupes !
Murmure dum caeco
Lympharum perstrepat echo
Quas veluti mutas
Ire per arva putas.
Multus in hoc luco
Rubet undique flos sine fuco,
Ac ibi formosam
Cernis ubique rosam ;
Suaviter hi flores
Miscent ut amabis odores ;
Nec requiem demus,
Nam placet omne nemus !

II

Foemina dux horum
Regnat Jeferessa locorum,
Pace, virago gravis
Marteque pejor avis !

BLARNEUM NEMUS

Africa non atram
Componeret ei Cleopatram,
Nec Dido constares!
Non habet illa pares.
Turre manens ista
Nulla est violanda balista:
Turris erat diris
Non penetranda viris;
Cromwellus latum
Tamen illic fecit hiatum
Et ludes heros
Lusit in arce feros!

III

Hic tenebrosa caverna
Est, gattorumque taberna,
Talpâ habitata pigro,
Non sine fele nigro;
Muscus iners olli
Stravit loca tegmine molli
Lecticae, ut plumis
Mollior esset humus:
Inque lacu anguillae
Luteo nant, gurgite mille;
Quo nat, amica luti,
Hostis hirudo, cuti:
Grande decus pagi,
Fluvii stant margine fagi;
Quodque tegunt ramo
Labile flumen amo!

BLARNEUM NEMUS

IV

Cernis in hos valles
Quò ducunt tramite calles,
Hunc mente in sedem
Fer meditante pedem,
Quisquis ades, bellae
Transfixus amore puellae,
Aut patriae carae
Tempus inane dare!
Dumque jaces herbâ
Turtur flet voce superbâ,
Arboreoque throno
Flet philomela sono:
Spelunca apparet
Quam dux Trojanus amaret,
In simili nido
Nam fuit icta Dido.

V

Plumbea signa Deûm
Nemus ornant, grande trophaeum!
Stas ibi, Bacche teres!
Nec sine fruge Ceres;
Neptunique vago
De flumine surgit imago;
Julius his Caesar
Stat, Nabeçhud que Nezar!
Navicula insonti
Dat cuique pericula ponti;

BLARNEUM NEMUS

Si quis cymbâ hâc cum
Vult super ire lacum.
Carmini huic ter sum
Conatus hic addere versum;
Pauper at ingenio,
Plus nihil invenio!

VI

Fortunatam autem
Premuerunt oscula caute
(Fingere dum conor
Debitus huic sic honor):
Quam bene tu fingis
Qui saxi oracula lingis,
Eloquioque sapis
Quod dedit ille lapis!
Gratus homo bellis
Fit unctis melle labellis,
Gratus erit populo
Oscula dans scopulo;
Fit subito orator,
Caudâque sequente senator.
Scandere vis aethram?
Hanc venerare petram!¹

*Richard Alfred Millikin and
Father Prout.*

¹ Explicit hic Carmen de Nemore Blarnensi. Ex Codice No. 464 in Bibliotheca Brerae, apud Mediolanum.

The German Drama and Hexameters

Song

BY ROGERO

I

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U-

-niversity of Gottingen,

-niversity of Gottingen.

[*Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief,
with which he wipes his eyes; gazing
tenderly at it, he proceeds.*]

II

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heavenly
blue,

Which once my love sat knotting in?

SONG

Alas! Matilda then was true!

At least I thought so at the U-

-niversity of Gottingen,

-niversity of Gottingen.

[*At the repetition of this line, Rogero
clanks his chains in cadence.*]

III

Barbs! Barbs! alas! how swift you flew,

Her neat post-wagon trotting in!

Ye bore Matilda from my view;

Forlorn I languish'd at the U-

-niversity of Gottingen,

-niversity of Gottingen.

IV

This faded form! this pallid hue!

This blood my veins is clotting in,

My years are many—they were few

When first I enter'd at the U-

-niversity of Gottingen,

-niversity of Gottingen.

V

There first for thee my passion grew,

Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!

Thou wast the daughter of my Tu-

-tor, Law Professor at the U-

-niversity of Gottingen,

-niversity of Gottingen.

SONG

VI

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in :
Here doom'd to starve on water gru-
-el never shall I see the U-

-niversity of Gottingen,

-niversity of Gottingen.

[*During the last stanza Rogero dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison, and finally so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops—the music still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.*]

George Canning and George Ellis.

German Hexameters

Germany! thou art indeed to the bard
his Hercynian forest;

Puffy with tufts of coarse grass; much of
stunted (no high-growing) timber;

Keeping your own, and content with the
measure your sires have bequeath'd
you,

Germans! let Latium rest, and leave the
old pipe where ye found it;

Leave ye the thirtyfold farrow so quietly
sucking their mother

On the warm sands; they will starve or
run wild in the brakes and the brambles,

Swampy, entangled, and dark, and with-
out any passable road through;

Yet there are many who wander so far
from the pleasanter places,

Airy and sunny and sound and adorned
with the garden and fountain,

Garden where Artemis stands, and fountain
where Venus is bathing,

All the Graces close by: at a distance,
and somewhat above her

GERMAN HEXAMETERS

(Only the sky overhead) is Apollo the
slayer of Python:
Opposite, minding him not, but intent
upon bending his own bow
Stands the other archer, less tall, whom
the slayer of Python had knelt to
Often, when Daphne was coy, and who
laughed at his handful of laurel.
Flounder in mud, honest man, then smoke
to the end of the journey,
Only let me undisturb'd enjoy the lone
scenes ye relinquish:
Strike me a bargain at once: give me
these; and to you I abandon
Carpenter, cordwainer, tapster, host, pedlar,
itinerant actor,
Tinker and tailor and baker and mender
of saddle and bellows,
With whomsoever ye list of *Odd Fellows*,
of the *Free-And Easy*.
Never shall enter my lips your tobacco
pipe, never your bev'rage,
Bev'rage that Bacchus abhors: let it fuddle
the heart of Silenus.
Frere is contented to smile, but loud is
the laughter of Canning.

Walter Savage Landor.

Spasmodic School

Firmilian: A Spasmodic Tragedy

SCENE IX

SUMMIT OF THE PILLAR OF ST. SIMEON STYLITES

Firmilian

'T was a grand spectacle! The solid earth
Seemed from its quaking entrails to eruct
The gathered lava of a thousand years,
Like an imposthume bursting up from
hell!

In a red robe of flame, the riven towers,
Pillars and altar, organ-loft and screen,
With a singed swarm of mortals inter-
mixed,
Were whirled in anguish to the shudder-
ing stars,
And all creation trembled at the din.
It was my doing—mine alone! and I
Stand greater by this deed than the vain
fool
That thrust his torch beneath Diana's
shrine.

FIRMILIAN

For what was it inspired Erostratus
But a weak vanity to have his name
Blaze out for arson in the catalogue?
I have been wiser. No man knows the
name

Of me, the pyrotechnist who have given
A new apotheosis to the saint
With lightning blast, and stunning thunder-knell!

And yet—and yet—what boots the sacrifice?

I thought to take remorse unto my heart,
As the young Spartan hid the savage fox
Beneath the foldings of his boyish gown,
And let it rive his flesh. Mine is not
riven—

My heart is yet unscarred. I've been too
coarse

And general in this business. Had there
been

Amongst that multitude a single man
Who loved me, cherished me—to whom
I owed

Sweet reciprocity for holy alms,
And gifts of gentle import—had there been
Friend—father—brother, mingled in that
crowd,

And I had slain him—then indeed my
soul

Might have acquired fruition of its wish,

FIRMILIAN

And shrieked delirious at the taste of sin!
But these—what were the victims unto me?
Nothing! Mere human atoms, breathing
clods,

Uninspired dullards, unpoetic slaves,
The rag and tag, and bobtail of mankind;
Whom, having scorched to cinders, I no
more

Feel ruth for what I did, than if my hand
Had thrust a stick of sulphur in the nest
Of some poor hive of droning humble-bees,
And smoked them into silence!

A more potential draught of guilt than this.

With more of wormwood in it!

Here I sit,
Perched like a raven on old Simeon's
shaft,

With barely needful footing for my limbs—
And one is climbing up the inward coil,
Who was my friend and brother. We
have gazed

Together on the midnight map of heaven,
And marked the gems in Cassiopeia's
hair—

Together have we heard the nightingale
Waste the exuberant music of her throat,
And lull the flustering breezes into calm—
Together have we emulously sung

FIRMILIAN

Of 'Hyacinthus,' 'Daphne,' and the rest,
Whose mortal weeds Apollo changed to
flowers.

Also from him I have derived much aid
In golden ducats, which I fain would pay
Back with extremest usury, were but
Mine own convenience equal to my wish.
Moreover, of his poems he hath sold
Two full editions of a thousand each,
While mine remain neglected on the
shelves!

Courage, Firmilian! for the hour has come
When thou canst know atrocity indeed,
By smiting him that was thy dearest
friend.

And think not that he dies a vulgar
death—

'Tis poetry demands the sacrifice!
Yet not to him be that revelation made.
He must not know with what a loving
hand—

With what fraternal charity of heart
I do devote him to the infernal gods!
I dare not spare him one particular pang,
Nor make the struggle briefer! Hush—
he comes.

[*Haverillo, emerging from the staircase.*
How now, Firmilian!—I am scant of
breath;

FIRMILIAN

These steps have pumped the ether from
my lungs,
And made the bead-drops cluster on my
brow.

A strange, unusual rendezvous is this—
An old saint's pillar, which no human
foot
Hath scaled this hundred years!

Firmilian

Ay—it is strange!

Haverillo

'Faith, sir, the bats considered it as such:
They seem to flourish in the column here,
And are not over courteous. Ha! I'm
weary:
I shall sleep sound to-night.

Firmilian

You *shall* sleep sound!

Haverillo

Either there is an echo in the place,
Or your voice is sepulchral.

Firmilian

Seems it so?

FIRMILIAN

Haverillo

Come, come, Firmilian—Be once more a
man!

Leave off these childish tricks, and vapours
bred

Out of a too much pampered fantasy.

What are we, after all, but mortal men,
We eat, drink, sleep, need raiment and
the like,

As well as any jolterhead alive?

Trust me, my friend, we cannot feed on
dreams,

Or stay the hungry cravings of the maw
By mere poetic banquets.

Firmilian

Say you so?

Yet have I heard that by some alchemy
(To me unknown as yet) you have trans-
muted

Your verses to fine gold.

Haverillo

And all that gold
Was lent to you, Firmilian.

Firmilian

You expect,
Doubtless, I will repay you?

FIRMILIAN

Haverillo

So I do,
You told me yesterday to meet you here,
And you would pay me back with interest.
Here is the note.

Firmilian

A moment—Do you see
Yon melon-vender's stall 'down i' the
square?
Methinks the fruit that, close beside the
eye,
Would show as largely as a giant's head,
Is dwindled to a heap of gooseberries!
If Justice held no bigger scales than those
Yon pigmy seems to balance in his hands,
Her utmost fiat scarce would weigh a
drachm!
How say you?

Haverillo

Nothing—'t is a fearful height!
My brain turns dizzy as I gaze below,
And there's a strange sensation in my
soles.

Firmilian

Ay—feel you that? Ixion felt the same
Ere he was whirled from heaven!

FIRMILIAN

Haverillo

Firmilian!
You carry this too far. Farewell. We'll
meet
When you're in better humour.

Firmilian

Tarry, sir!
I have you here, and thus we shall not
part.
I know your meaning well. For that
same dross,
That paltry ore of Mammon's mean de-
vice
Which I, to honour you, stooped to re-
ceive,
You'd set the alguazils on my heels!
What! have I read your thought? Nay,
never shrink,
Nor edge towards the doorway! You're a
scholar!
How was't with Phaeton?

Haverillo

Alas! he's mad.
Hear me, Firmilian! Here is the receipt—
Take it—I grudge it not! If ten times
more,
It were at your sweet service.

FIRMILIAN

Firmilian

Would you do
This kindness unto me?

Haverillo

Most willingly,

Firmilian

Liar and slave! There's falsehood in thine
eye!

I read as clearly there, as in a book,
That, if I did allow you to escape,
In fifteen minutes you would seek the
judge.

Therefore, prepare thee, for thou needs
must die!

Haverillo

Madman—stand off!

Firmilian

There's but four feet of space
To spare between us. I'm not hasty, I!
Swans sing before their death, and it
may be

That dying poets feel that impulse too:
Then, prythee, be canorous. You may
sing

FIRMILIAN

One of those ditties which have won you
gold,
And my meek audience of the vapid strain
Shall count with Phoebus as a full discharge
For all your ducats. Will you not begin?

Haverillo

Leave off this horrid jest, Firmilian!

Firmilian

Jest! 'Tis no jest! This pillar's very
high—
Shout, and no one can hear you from the
square—
Wilt sing, I say?

Haverillo

Listen, Firmilian!
I have a third edition in the press,
Whereof the proceeds shall be wholly
thine—
Spare me!

Firmilian

A third edition! Atropos—
Forgive me that I tarried!

FIRMILIAN

Haverillo

Mercy!—Ah!—

[*Firmilian hurls him from the column.*]

SCENE X

SQUARE BELOW THE PILLAR

[*Enter Apollodorus, a Critic*]

Why do men call me a presumptuous cur,
A vapouring blockhead, and a turgid fool,
A common nuisance, and a charlatan?
I've dashed in to the sea of metaphor
With as strong paddles as the sturdiest
ship

That churns Medusæ into liquid light,
And hashed at every object in my way.

My ends are public. I have talked of men
As my familiars, whom I never saw.

Nay—more to raise my credit—I have
penned

Epistles to the great ones of the land,
When some attack might make them
slightly sore,

Assuring them, in faith, it was not I.

What was their answer? Marry, shortly
this:

“Who, in the name of Zerneckock, are
you?”

FIRMILIAN

I have reviewed myself incessantly—
Yea, made a contract with a kindred
soul
For mutual interchange of puffery.
Gods—how we blew each other! But,
'tis past—
Those halcyon days are gone, and I suspect,
That, in some fit of loathing or disgust,
As Samuel turned from Eli's coarser son,
Mine ancient playmate hath deserted me.
And yet I am Apollodorus still!
I search for genius, having it myself,
With keen and earnest longings. I survive
To disentangle, from the imping wings
Of our young poets, their crustaceous
slough.
I watch them, as the watcher on the
brook
Sees the young salmon wrestling from its
egg,
And revels in its future bright career.
Ha! what seraphic melody is this?

[Enter Sancho, a Costermonger, singing.]

Down in the garden behind the wall,
Merrily grows the bright-green leek;
The old sow grunts at the acorns' fall,

FIRMILIAN

The winds blow heavy, the little pigs
squeak.

One for the litter, and three for the
teat—

Hark to their music, Juanna, my sweet!

Apollodorus

Now, heaven be thanked! here is a genuine
bard,

A creature of high impulse, one unsoiled
By coarse conventionalities of rule.

He labours not to sing, for his bright
thoughts

Resolve themselves at once into a strain
Without the aid of balanced artifice.

All hail, great poet!

Sancho

Save you, my merry master! Need you
any leeks or onions? Here's the primest
cauliflower, though I say it, in all Badajoz.
Set it up at a distance of some ten yards,
and I'll forfeit my ass if it does not look
bigger than the Alcayde's wig. Or would
these radishes suit your turn? There's
nothing like your radish for cooling the
blood and purging distempered humours.

FIRMILIAN

Apollodorus

I do admire thy vegetables much,
But will not buy them. Pray you, pardon
me
For one short word of friendly obloquy.
Is't possible a being so endowed
With music, song, and sun-aspiring
thoughts,
Can stoop to chaffer idly in the streets,
And, for a huckster's miserable gain,
Renounce the urgings of his destiny?
Why, man, thine ass should be a Pegasus,
A sun-reared charger snorting at the stars,
And scattering all the Pleiads at his heels—
Thy cart should be an orient-tinted car,
Such as Aurora drives into the day,
What time the rosy-fingered hours awake—
Thy reins—

Sancho

Lookye, master, I've dusted a better
jacket than yours before now, so you had
best keep a civil tongue in your head.
Once for all, will you buy my radishes?

Apollodorus

No!

FIRMILIAN

Sancho

Then go to the devil and shake yourself!

[*Exit.*

Apollodorus

The foul fiend seize thee and thy cauliflowerers!

I was indeed a most egregious ass
To take this lubber clodpole for a bard,
And worship that dull, fool. Pythian
Apollo!

Hear me—O hear! Towards the firmament

I gaze with longing eyes; and, in the name

Of millions thirsting for poetic draughts,
I do beseech thee, send a poet down!

Let him descend, e'en as a meteor falls,
Rushing at noonday—

[*He is crushed by the fall of the
body of Haverillo.*

William Edmonstoune Aytoun.

Martin Tupper

Proverbial Philosophy

INTRODUCTORY

Art thou beautiful, oh my daughter, as
the budding rose of April?
Are all thy motions music, and is poetry
throned in thine eye?
Then hearken unto me; and I will make
the bud a fair flower;
I will plant it upon the bank of Elegance,
and water it with the water of Cologne;
And in the season it shall "come out",
yea bloom, the pride of the parterre;
Ladies shall marvel at its beauty, and a
Lord shall pluck it at the last.

OF PROPRIETY

Study first Propriety: for she is indeed
the Pole-star
Which shall guide the artless maiden
through the mazes of Vanity Fair;

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY

Nay, she is the golden chain which
holdeth together Society;
The lamp by whose light young Psyche
shall approach unblamed her Eros.
Verily Truth is as Eve, which was ashamed
being naked;
Wherefore doth Propriety dress her with
the fair foliage of artifice:
And when she is drest, behold! she
knoweth not herself again.—
I walked in the Forest; and above me
stood the Yew,
Stood like a slumbering giant, shrouded
in impenetrable shade;
Then I past into the citizen's garden, and
marked a tree clipt into shape,
(The giant's locks had been shorn by the
Dalilah-shears of Decorum;)
And I said, "Surely nature is goodly;
but how much goodlier is Art!"
I heard the wild notes of the lark float-
ing far over the blue sky,
And my foolish heart went after him, and
lo! I blessed him as he rose;
Foolish! for far better is the trained bou-
doir bullfinch,
Which pipeth the semblance of a tune,
and mechanically draweth up water:
And the reinless steed of the desert, though
his neck be clothed with thunder,

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY

Must yield to him that danceth and
“moveth in the circles” at Astley’s.
For verily, oh my daughter, the world is
a masquerade,
And God made thee one thing, that thou
mightest make thyself another:
A maiden’s heart is as champagne, ever
aspiring and struggling upwards,
And it needeth that its motions be checked
by the silver cork of Propriety:
He that can afford the price, his be the
precious treasure,
Let him drink deeply of its sweetness, nor
grumble if it tasteth of the cork.

OF FRIENDSHIP

Choose judiciously thy friends; for to ‘dis-
card them is undesirable,
Yet it is better to drop thy friends, oh my
daughter, than to drop thy “H’s”.
Dost thou know a wise woman? yea,
wiser than the children of light?
Hath she a position? and a title? and
are her parties in the Morning Post?
If thou dost, ‘cleave unto her, and give
up unto her thy body and mind;
Think with her ideas, and distribute thy
smiles at her bidding:

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY

So shalt thou become like unto her; and
thy manners shall be "formed",
And thy name shall be a Sesame at which
the doors of the great shall fly open:
Thou shalt know every Peer, his arms,
and the date of his creation,
His pedigree and their intermarriages,
and cousins to the sixth remove:
Thou shalt kiss the hand of Royalty, and
lo! in next morning's papers,
Side by side with rumours of wars, and
accounts of shipwrecks and sieges,
Shall appear thy name, and the minutiae
of thy head-dress and petticoat,
For an enraptured public to muse upon
over their matutinal muffin.

Charles Stuart Calverley.

Robert Pollok

The Course of Time

Robert Pollok, A.M.! this work of yours
Is meant, I do not doubt, extremely well,
And the design I deem most laudable,
But since I find the book laid on my
table,
I shall presume (with the fair owner's
leave)
To note a single slight deficiency:
I mean, in short (since it is called a
poem)
That in the course of ten successive
books
If something in the shape of poetry
Were to be met with, we should like it
better;
But nothing of the kind is to be found,

THE COURSE OF TIME

Nothing, alas! but words of the olden
time,
Quaint and uncouth, contorted phrase
and queer,
With the familiar language that befits
Tea-drinking parties most unmeetly
matched.

John Hookham Frere.

Browning

Scott v. Shepherd

(I. S.M. L.C. 480.)

ANY PLEADER TO ANY STUDENT

Now, you're my pupil!
On the good ancient plan I shall do
what I can
For *your* hundred guineas to give my
law's blue pill
(Let high jurisprudence which thinks me
and you dense,
Set posse of cooks to stir new Roman
soup ill):
First volume of Smith shall give you the
pith
Of leading decision that shows the divi-
sion

SCOTT v. SHEPHERD

Of action *on case* from plain action of
trespass

Where to count in assault law benignantly
says "Pass!"

Facts o' case first. At Milborne Port

Was fair-day, October the twenty and
eight,

And folk in the market like fowls in a
crate;

Shepherd, one of your town-fool sort

(From Solomon's time they call it sport,

Right to help holiday, just make fun
louder),

Lights me a squib up of paper and
powder

(Find if you can the law-Latin for't)

And chucks it, to give their trading a
rouse,

Full i' the midst o' the market-house.

It happed to fall on a stall where Yates

Sold gingerbread and gilded cates

(Small damage if *they* should burn or fly
all);

To save himself and said gingerbread
loss,

One Willis doth toss the thing across

To stall of one Ryal, who straight on
espial

Of danger to *his* wares, of selfsame worth,

SCOTT v. SHEPHERD

Casts it in market-house farther forth,
And by two mesne tossings thus it got
To burst i' the face of plaintiff Scott.
And now 'gainst Shepherd, for loss of eye,
Question is, whether *trespass* shall lie.

Think Eastertide past, off crowds and
packs town

Where De Gray, Chief Justice, and Nares
and Blackstone

And Gould his brethren are set in banc
In a court full of serjeants stout or lank,
With judgment to give this doubt an end
(Layman hints wonder to counsellor friend,
If *express colour* be visible pigment,
And what's by black patch a-top serjeant's
wig meant).

Nares leads off, opines with confidence
Trespass well lies and there's no pretence
But who gave squib mischievous faculty
Shall answer its utmost consequence
(*Qui facit per alium facit per se*):

Squib-throwing a nuisance by statute, too!
Blackstone, more cautious, takes other
view,

Since 'tis not all one throw, but an im-
petus new

Is given to squib by Ryal and Willis,
When *vis* first *impressa* thereon spent and
still is;

SCOTT v. SHEPHERD

In fine, would have justice set mouth
firm, not sound awry,
But teach forms of action to know each
his boundary.

Gould holds with Nares:—If De Grey
pairs?

That were, odzooks, equipoise, *dignus*
vindice

Nodus! But—"I too on same side faith
pin, d'ye see,"

So De Grey spake—"For, as I take
It, the consequences all flowed of course
From Shepherd's original wrongful force:
Seen rightly, in this case difference *nil* is
In squib's new diversion by Ryal and
Willis,

Whom (against Brother Blackstone, I'm
free to confess it) I

Account not free agents, since merest
necessity

Bade cast off live squib to save selves
and wares."

For such reasons, concurs with Gould
and Nares.

Ergo, "*Postea* to the plaintiff".

Next, digest learned editor's notes,

Mark the refinements, preceptor acquaint
if

You've duly mastered cases Smith
quotes—

SCOTT v. SHEPHERD

Eh?—No! What says book here? As

I'm alive,

“Distinctions, had place in principal case,

Since fifty-two make less ado,

And in fact by Judicature Act,

After November seventy-five,

Last stumps of pleading by final weeding

Are grubbed up and thrown adown wind

to perdition:

So, note's omitted in present edition!”

Well—liquor's out, why look more at old
bottle?

Gulp down with gusto, you that are
young,

These new Rules' ferment, tastes ill in
my throttle,

Since Justice, in *nubibus* no more on high
sitter,

Descends to speak laymen's vulgar tongue,

So be it! *Explicit—parum feliciter.*

Sir Frederick Pollock.

Sincere Flattery:
II. Of R. B.

I. TO A. S.
Birthdays? yes, in a general way;
For the most if not for the best of men;
You were born (I suppose) on a certain
day:
So was I: or perhaps in the night: what
then?

Only this: or at least, if more,
You must know, not think it, and learn,
not speak:
There is truth to be found on the un-
known shore,
And many will find where few will seek.

For many are called and few are chosen,
And the few grow many as ages lapse:
But when will the many grow few: what
dozen
Is fused into one by Time's hammer-taps?

SINCERE FLATTERY

A bare brown stone in a babbling
brook:—

It was wantom to hurl it there, you say:
And the moss, which clung in the shel-
tered nook

(Yet the stream runs cooler), is washed
away.

That begs the question: many a prater
Thinks such a suggestion a sound “stop
thief!”

Which, may I ask, do you think the
greater,

Sergeant-at-arms or a Robber Chief?

And if it were not so? still you doubt?

Ah! yours is a birthday indeed if so.

That were something to write a poem
about,

If one thought a little. I only know.

P.S.

There's a Me Society down at Cam-
bridge,

Where my works, *cum notis variorum*,
Are talked about; well, I require the
same bridge

That Euclid took toll at as *Asinorum*:

SINCERE FLATTERY

And, as they have got through several
ditties

I thought were as stiff as a brick-built
wall,

I've composed the above, and a stiff one
it is,

A bridge to stop asses at, once for all.

James Kenneth Stephen.

Tennyson

The Higher Pantheism in a Nutshell



One, who is not, we see: but one, whom
we see not, is:
Surely this is not that: but that is
assuredly this.

What, and wherefore, and whence? for
under is over and under:
If thunder could be without lightning,
lightning could be without thunder.

Doubt is faith in the main: but faith, on
the whole, is doubt:
We cannot believe by proof: but could
we believe without?

THE HIGHER PANTHEISM

Why, and whither, and how? for barley
and rye are not clover:
Neither are straight lines curves: yet
over is under and over.

Two and two may be four: but four and
four are not eight:
Fate and God may be twain: but God is
the same thing as fate.

Ask a man what he thinks, and get from
a man what he feels:
God, once caught in the fact, shows you
a fair pair of heels.

Body and spirit are twins: God only
knows which is which:
The soul squats down in the flesh, like a
tinker drunk in a ditch.

More is the whole than a part: but half
is more than the whole:
Clearly, the soul is the body: but is not
the body the soul?

One and two are not one: but one and
nothing is two:
Truth can hardly be false, if falsehood
cannot be true.

THE HIGHER PANTHEISM

Once the mastodon was: pterodactyls were
common as cocks:

Then the mammoth was God: now is He
a prize ox.

Parallels all things are: yet many of
these are askew:

You are certainly I: but certainly I am
not you.

Springs the rock from the plain, shoots
the stream from the rock:

Cocks exist for the hen: but hens exist
for the cock.

God, whom we see not, is: and God,
who is not, we see:

Fiddle, we know, is diddle: and diddle,
we take it, is dee.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Whitman

III. Of W. W. (Americanus)

The clear cool note of the cuckoo which
has ousted the legitimate nest-holder,
The whistle of the railway guard dis-
patching the train to the inevitable
collision,
The maiden's monosyllabic reply to a
polysyllabic proposal,
The fundamental note of the last trump,
which is presumably D natural;
All of these are sounds to rejoice in, yea
to let your very ribs re-echo with:
But better than all of them is the abso-
lutely last chord of the apparently
inexhaustible pianoforte player.

James Kenneth Stephen.

Swinburne

Nephelidia



From the depth of the dreamy decline of
the dawn through a notable nimbus
of nebulous moonshine,

Pallid and pink as the palm of the flag-
flower that flickers with fear of the
flies as they float,

Are they looks of our lovers that lustrously
lean from a marvel of mystic miracu-
lous moonshine,

These that we feel in the blood of our
blushes that thicken and threaten
with throbs through the throat?

Thicken and thrill as a theatre thronged
at appeal of an actor's appalled agi-
tation,

Fainter with fear of the fires of the
future than pale with the promise of
pride in the past;

NEPHELIDIA

Flushed with the famishing fullness of
fever that reddens with radiance of
rathe recreation,

Gaunt as the ghastliest of glimpses that
gleam through the gloom of the
gloaming when ghosts go aghast?

Nay, for the nick of the tick of the time
is a tremulous touch on the temples
of terror,

Strained as the sinews yet strenuous
with strife of the dead who is dumb
as the dust-heaps of death:

Surely no soul is it, sweet as the spasm
of erotic emotional exquisite error,

Bathed in the balms of beatified bliss,
beatific itself by beatitude's breath.

Surely no spirit or sense of a soul that
was soft to the spirit and soul of our
senses

Sweetens the stress of suspiring sus-
picion that sobs in the semblance and
sound of a sigh:

Only this oracle opens Olympian, in mysti-
cal moods and triangular tenses—

“Life is the lust of a lamp for the light
that is dark till the dawn of the day
when we die.”

Mild is the mirk and monotonous music
of memory, melodiously mute as it
may be,

NEPHELIDIA.

While the hope in the heart of a hero
is bruised by the breach of men's
rapiers, resigned to the rod;
Made meek as a mother whose bosom-
beats bound with the bliss-bringing
bulk of a balm-breathing baby,
As they grope through the graveyard
of creeds, under skies growing green
at a groan for the grimness of God.
Blank is the book of his bounty beholden
of old, and its binding is blacker
than bluer:
Out of blue into black is the scheme
of the skies, and their dew is the
wine of the bloodshed of things;
Till the darkling desire of delight shall
be free as a fawn that is freed from
the fangs that pursue her,
Till the heart-beats of hell shall be
hushed by a hymn from the hunt
that has harried the kennel of kings.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

NOTES

I must allow myself the pleasure of thanking all those to whom I have been indebted in the compilation of this book of Parodies. First of all to Mr. Swinburne, who has very kindly allowed me to choose any of his parodies; then to Sir Frederick Pollock, who has allowed me to use one of the finest of his "Leading Cases", together with Messrs. Macmillan & Co., the publishers, who have added their consent; and lastly to Sir Herbert Stephen, from whom I have received permission to choose from the "Lapsus Calami", of J.K.S. But not lastly, for I am indebted to the rare knowledge of Mr. Austin Dobson, without whose advice I should have overlooked some of my best material.

p. 4. The *Thursday* of Gay's "Shepherd's Week" is perhaps the best day, and the nearest to Theocritus. The refrain:

"With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around"—

is no doubt suggested by the refrain in the second idyl of Theocritus:

"My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love".

In a "Proeme to the Courteous Reader", Gay explains that "my shepherds gather none other nosegays but what are the growth of our own fields"; yet their language, he says, "was never uttered in times past, and, if I judge aright, will never be uttered in times to come". Some of his names he has taken from Spenser, "a bard of sweetest memorial", "such as Lobbin, Cuddy, Hobbinal, Diggon, and others". It seems to him a great marvel "that in this island of Britain . . . no poet (though otherwise of notable cunning in roundelays) hath hit on the right simple

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eclogue after the true ancient guise of Theocritus, before this mine attempt. Other Poet travelling in this plain highway of Pastoral know I none."

p. 12. *Aureli, pater essuritionum*, is the original of Landon's discreet parody.

p. 13. Of the two parodies of Horace which I have chosen from many, one is Frere's of the eleventh of the first book of the Epistles ("Qui tibi visa Chios, Bullati, notaque Lesbos?"); and the other out of the "Horace in London", 1813, of James and Horatio Smith, where the fifth ode of the second book ("Nondum sub actâ ferre jugum valet") is parodied.

p. 19. Hamlet's song is a parody of "Dost thou think Alexander looked on this fashion i' the earth?" in the graveyard scene (act v, scene i). The writer, John Poole (1786-1872), was a comic dramatist. His "Hamlet Travestie" was published in 1810, and acted at Drury Lane, with Matthews as Hamlet, in 1813. His intention, he tells us in his preface, was, not to derogate from the merits of Shakespeare, but to represent, under the form of a travesty, "the precise sentiments and ideas contained in its original, but in language, and in a manner, unsuited to their subject and the character of the speaker". His further aim was to burlesque the "Black-letter Critics and Coney-catching Commentators" who had annotated Shakespeare after the manner of Pope, Stevens, Warburton, and Johnson. These annotations are the most amusing part of the book; Johnson, especially, with his "madness is agreeable only until it becomes outrageous"; "Diddled is correct. To do and to diddle mean the same"; "Mr. Pope, not readily understanding the passage, seems willing to plunge it still deeper into an abyss of unintelligibility: like him who, deprived of the organs of vision, excludes the light from his chamber, and immerses it in impenetrable tenebrosity, in order that his visitors may partake of, and be involved in, that obscurity, under which he himself is doomed to suffer".

There is a parody of the "Hamlet Travestie" in *Rejected Addresses*, published two years later: "Macbeth Travestie", by James Smith.

p. 25. *Cherry Chase*, of which I give the first Fytte, is one of Maginn's most successful experiments in the translation of English into Latin verse. In it, as he tells us, he was travestying the first of the old ballads in Monkish Latin, "retaining the measure and structure of the verse most religiously".

p. 31. *The Lay of the Ettercap* was written by Dr. Leyden, by way of parody of the early Metrical Romance;

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it professes to describe George Ellis, the compiler of *Specimens of the Early English Poets*, and his wife, who was a musician and had a fine voice; ending with an onslaught on Ritson, who had attacked Ellis in one of his volumes.

p. 34. This song, in *Talton's News* (1590), was published later in the same year than Lodge's "Rosalynd", which contains "Montanus' Sonnet", from which, and not from Ronsard, one of Lodge's masters, it was parodied. The "Sonnet" begins:

"Phœbe sat,
Sweet she sat,
Sweet sat Phœbe when I saw her".

Both poem and parody are to be found in A. H. Bullen's *Lyrics from the Dramatists of the Elizabethan Age*.

p. 37. There is little doubt that Lamb's lovely poem, first printed in *Album Verses* under the title of "Going or Gone", was suggested, in manner, not in matter, by Drayton's "Ballad of Agincourt". Compare the last lines of the fifth stanza in Drayton with those of the fifth stanza in Lamb:

"Victor I will remain
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
Love to redeem me".

The cadence is identical, and unlike any other.

p. 41. John Hookham Frere (1769-1846), "the British Berni", as Mr. William Stewart Rose called him, found in the pleasantries of the "Morgante Maggiore", and in its ottava rima metre (not indeed new in English) a new manner of burlesque, which was promptly imitated by Byron in "Beppo" and surpassed by him in "Don Juan". The fragment here given is the introduction to the "Prospectus and Specimen of an Intended National Work, by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stow-market, in Suffolk, harness and collar-makers, intended to comprise the most interesting particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table". Only four cantos were done.

p. 47. The title-page of my copy of "The Splendid Shilling" reads thus: "The Splendid Shilling. An Imitation of Milton. By Mr. John Philips. The Third Correct Edition.

—Sing, Heavenly Muse,
Things unattempted yet, in Prose or Rhime,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dote.

London: Printed by G. J. for Hen. Clements at the Half-Moon in S. Paul's Churchyard. 1719." The poem had a vast success,

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and was at once parodied. At the time it was unique; a new art seemed to be invented. It has still its original audacity, and finished technique. In the dedication, the burlesque of the poem is kept up. "This poem, sir, if we consider the moral, the newness of the subject, the variety of images, and the exactness of the similitudes that compose it, must be allowed a piece that was never equalled by the moderns or ancients. The subject of the poem is myself, a subject never yet handled by any poets. . . . Yet since I am the subject, and the poet too, I shall say no more of it, lest I should seem vainglorious." No sooner had "The Splendid Shilling" appeared than the imitators followed. The first and best was Bramston's "Crooked Sixpence", though very inferior to its original. It was followed by "The Copper Farthing", by a Miss Pennington; she died at the age of 25, and was called 'much lov'd *Pennington*', by a Mr. Duncome, in a poem called "The Feminead". Last comes an entirely worthless and anonymous piece called "The School Boy". "The Crooked Sixpence" begins with a direct imitation:

"Happy the maid, who, from green-sickness free,
In canvas or in Holland pocket bears
A crooked sixpence".

"The Copper Farthing" carries on and spoils the whole matter:

"Happy the boy, who dwells remote from school,
Whose pocket, or whose rattling box, contains
A copper farthing".

p. 55. The splendid fragment now called "Hypochondriacus" was originally published in the volume containing "John Woodvil" under the name of "A Concept of Diabolical Possession". It is the third of the "Curious Fragments, extracted from a commonplace-book, which belonged to Robert Burton, the famous author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*".

p. 57. The italics which decorate Isaac Hawkins Browne's parody of Thomson are accompanied, in the original edition of 1768, by footnotes giving quotations from Thomson's Poem on Liberty. "Poetotheke" is defined as "A Poetical Work for a Tobacco-Box". Browne was a good parodist, close to his model. There are six in the series. The title is, "A Pipe of Tobacco: in imitation of six several authors". They are Colley Cibber, Ambrose Philipps, Thomson, Young, Pope, and Swift. The Ambrose Philipps was done by Browne, "but sent to him by an ingenious Friend".

p. 62. I cannot be certain that the Poetical Carman's elegy

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is meant to suggest Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-yard", but it is too good to be omitted on a bare suspicion.

p. 64. Mason and his odes were the butt of many parodists. There is a very ingenious one among the "Political Miscellanies" of the "Rolliad", with the real poem, an "Ode to Pitt", and the imitation printed side by side on alternate pages. But a finer parody was done by Robert Lloyd and George Colman the younger, under the name of an "Ode to Obscurity". It may be supposed to imitate one of the choruses in *Caractacus*, which are hardly less entertaining. Indeed there is nothing in the parody quite equal to these lines of the semichorus:

"When, in undulating twine,
The foaming snakes prolific join;
When they hiss, and when they bear
Their wondrous egg aloof in air;
Thence, before to earth it fall,
The Druid, in his hallow'd pall,
Receives the prize;
And instant flies".

The spelling and punctuation are those of the original edition, which lies, a solemn quarto, before me.

p. 74. *The Loves of the Triangles*, of which I have given the first part of Canto I, was written by Frere; the remainder of Canto I by Frere, Canning, and Ellis. It is a parody of Dr. Erasmus Darwin's "Loves of the Plants", and is so perfect as to be almost deceptive.

p. 79. *Della Crusca*. In 1799 Southey wrote, in imitation of Coleridge's Higginbottom sonnets, a series of four sonnets and four elegies, meant to parody the "cooing couples" of *Della Crusca*. I give the fourth sonnet. "Naenia" is Calverley's beautiful parody in Latin of "Drury's Dirge", one of Horatio Smith's "Rejected Addresses". It is delightfully literal to the nonsense of the original, with a skill equal in alliteration and big meaningless words, and almost more amusing. The best account of the *Della Crusca* is Maginn's, who calls them a "light-winged, humming, and loving population". "They talked nonsense without measure, were simple down to the lowest degree of silliness, and 'babbled of green fields' enough to make men sicken of summer." "Milliner's maids and city apprentices pined over the mutual melancholies of Arley and Matilda."

p. 120. *On Oxford: a Parody*, was written by Keats in September, 1817. He sent it to Reynolds in a letter, and wrote: "Wordsworth sometimes, though in a fine way,

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gives us sentences in the style of school exercises. For instance:

‘The lake doth glitter,
Small birds twitter’, &c.

Now I think this an excellent manner of giving us very clear description of an interesting place such as Oxford is.” Wordsworth’s poem, published in 1807, is called “Written in March while resting on the Bridge at the Foot of Brother’s Water”.

p. 121. *A Sonnet*. In making my selections from the “Lapsus Calami” of James Kenneth Stephen (better known as J. K. S.), I found it difficult to stop. I think the finest of his parodies may be the Wordsworth, but there are quantities of Browning, all done heartily and gaily, and an absolute Whitman, and how discreet a Landor! Beautiful scraps and epigrams tempt one on many pages, as this which I cannot hold my pen from giving:

“SENEX TO MATT. PRIOR.

Ah! Matt.: old age has brought to me

Thy wisdom, less thy certainty:

The world’s a jest, and joy’s a trinket:

I knew that once: but no—I think it”.

p. 122. I think there is no doubt that Landor meant his “Malvolio”, with its moon, daffodil, and daisy, for a gentle mockery of Wordsworth.

p. 124. Of the two “Peter Bell’s” Reynolds’s is better than Shelley’s, so I have given the whole of the former and only three out of the seven parts of the latter. I think nothing serious is lost by the omission. Reynolds’s is mere fun, while Shelley’s is fiercely polemical.

p. 163. *The Rime of the Auncient Waggonere* is meant to be a parody of Coleridge’s “Ancient Mariner”, and it is annotated in the margin in the manner of that poem; such as: “The waggonere, in talking anent Boreas, maketh bad orthographye”; or “The waggonere haileth ane goose, with ane novel salutatione”.

p. 175. *Sonnets Attempted in the Manner of Contemporary Writers*. “First printed in the *Monthly Magazine* for Nov. 1797. Cottle prints (*E.R.* i. 288; *Rem.* 160) a letter from Coleridge (undated, but allusions in it shew that it must have been written in Nov. 1797), in which he says:—‘I sent to the *Monthly Magazine* three mock Sonnets in ridicule of my own Poems, and Charles Lloyd’s, and Charles Lamb’s, etc. etc., exposing that affectation of unaffectedness, of jumping and misplaced accent, in commonplace epithets, flat lines forced into poetry by italics (signifying how well

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and mouthishly the author would read them), puny pathos, etc. etc. The instances were all taken from myself and Lloyd and Lamb. I signed them 'Nehemiah Higginbottom'. I think they may do good to our young Bards" (Dykes Campbell's notes to his edition of Coleridge). Southey, two years later, wrote four sonnets and four elegies under the name of *The Amatory Poems of Abel Shuffelbottom*. The name was borrowed, but the parodies were meant for Della Crusca.

p. 205. *A Tale of Drury Lane*. "I certainly must have written this myself!" said that fine-tempered man to one of the authors, pointing to the description of the fire, "although I forget upon what occasion". (Preface to *Rejected Addresses*).

p. 214. Southey presented himself as a very conspicuous butt to the marksmen of the "Anti-Jacobin", and his "Inscription IV" on the regicide Henry Marten, and his Dactyls and Sapphics are now remembered only in their later form. All three were published in the *Poems* of 1797, and the sonnet was suppressed in later collected editions of Southey's poems.

p. 223. "You are old, Father William", is a close and engaging parody of Southey's poem "The Old Man's Comforts, and How he Gained Them", which begins with the same words. None of Carroll's nonsense verses is more solemnly convincing.

p. 246. James Hogg (1770-1835) is incomparable as a parodist, because his parodies are not so much burlesque as a poet's criticism of a poet. Even in his wildest and cruellest flights of mockery he is never able to shake off the genuine poetic wings. "Isabelle", with its "Conclusion", is a close imitation of Coleridge's "Christabel"; "Wat o' the Cleuch" is excellent Scott; "The Curse of the Laureate" is very like the original Southey; "The Flying Tailor" is Wordsworth himself; and the parody of his own "Witch of Fyfe", "The Gude Greye Katt", is quite on a level, artistically, with the magnificent original.

p. 266. Lamb's delicious nonsense verses, "Lazy-bones, lazy-bones", are a wild parody of his own "Angel Help", with its:

"Gardener bright from Eden's bower,
Tend with care that lily flower",

and its:

"Sleep, saintly poor one, sleep, sleep on,
And, waking, find that labour's done".

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p. 268. *The Last Lamp in the Alley*, the first and best of seven of Maginn's "Moorish Melodies", is a parody of Moore's "'Tis the Last Rose of Summer", and is one of the most dexterous of his parodies. It was so easy to parody Moore that of the countless attempts few have any separate merit or originality.

p. 270. I find only this one line of parody among Landor's filled bundle of "Dry Sticks Fagoted". Satire and gentle humour are on every page, but all are his own, not imitations.

p. 271. *The Groves of Blarney* is itself the parody of a doggerel ballad, "Castle Hyde", written by an itinerant poet named Barrett about 1790. The famous fantasy was written by Richard Alfred Milliken, a Scottish poet born in Ireland. The second stanza is translated into Latin by Maginn, who begins at the beginning:

"Blarnaei nemora sunt jucundissima visu",

and then breaks off with: "But I prefer the next verse:

"Jeffrisa castellium regit, perpulchra virago,
Par et Alexandro pulchrae Helenaëque simul,
Cui cunctas inter peperit quas dulcis Ierne
Dicere se similem faemina nulla potest.
Haec castella tenet quae non tormenta timerent,
Quae ter tres libras horrida ferre selent.
Sed Cromwellus eam graviter concussit, hiatum
In nido patulum conficiens dominae."

Francis Sylvester Mahony, known as Father Prout, translates the whole poem into French, Latin, and Greek. I give the French and Latin, which are done with equal skill and vivacity. I give also Father Prout's text, which is rewritten in many parts, and to which he has added a last stanza of his own. He also parodies the English version in a poem of his own, called "The Shandon Bells", "to the tune of the 'Groves'".

p. 284. The song of the "U-niversity of Gottingen" (Canning's and Ellis's) occurs in a satire of the contemporary German drama, then very popular in English translations. A note to "The Rovers", in which it occurs, alludes to Schiller's play, *The Robbers*, as "a German tragedy, in which Robbery is put in so fascinating a light, that the whole of a German University went upon the highway in consequence of it". The song is due to Canning and Ellis, and Schiller or Kotzebue may be the victim of the superb parody. But we are assured by the editors of "The Anti-Jacobin" that "the song of Rogero, with which the first act concludes, is admitted on almost all hands to be in the

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very first taste; and if no German original is to be found for it, so much the worse for the credit of German literature". The play, from which it is taken, is defined to be a play after the German manner, "which, if it has a proper run, will do much to unhinge the present notions of men with regard to the obligations of Civil Society; and to substitute in lieu of a sober contentment, and regular discharge of the duties incident to each man's particular situation, a wild desire of undefinable latitude and extravagance,—an inspiration after shapeless somethings, that can neither be described nor understood, a contemptuous disgust of all that is, and a persuasion that nothing is as it ought to be;—to operate, in short, a general discharge of every man (in his own estimation) from every tie which laws divine or human, which local customs, immemorial habits, and multiplied examples impose upon him; and to set them about doing what they like, where they like, when they like, and how they like,—without reference to any law but their own will, or to any consideration of how others may be affected by their conduct".

p. 289. Aytoun's parody, "Firmilian: or, The Student of Badajoz. A Spasmodic Tragedy. By T. Percy Jones", the preface dated Streatham, July, 1854, was like enough to its originals to be taken, on its appearance, as a genuine product of the so-called Spasmodic School. Those originals were Dobell's "Roman", and especially his "Balder", of which it has been strangely said, in the best of our literary dictionaries, in a figure of speech which might have come straight out of "Firmilian", that it is a "portent", and that the said portent has "stamina for permanence as a mine for poets". Besides Dobell there was his friend and imitator, Alexander Smith, of "The Life Drama"; and his elder, Bailey of "Festus".

p. 304. Martin Tupper's own "Proverbial Philosophy" will not be easily distinguished from Calverley's at this time of day. "Egypt, wondrous shore, ye are buried in the sandhill of forgetfulness", which is real Tupper, is hardly less aimlessly inept than the skilful ineptitude of Calverley's "Study first Propriety: for she is indeed the Polar-star". Unkind biographers have claimed Tupper as a precursor in the unrhymed and unmetrical line of Walt Whitman, who is more likely to have been influenced by the jargon of Samuel Warren's "Lily and the Bee", which is printed in lines of two or of thirty words, without even the tip-tap of Tupper.

p. 308. *The Course of Time* is an inscription written in 1832 by Frere on the fly-leaf of a copy of Robert Pollok's

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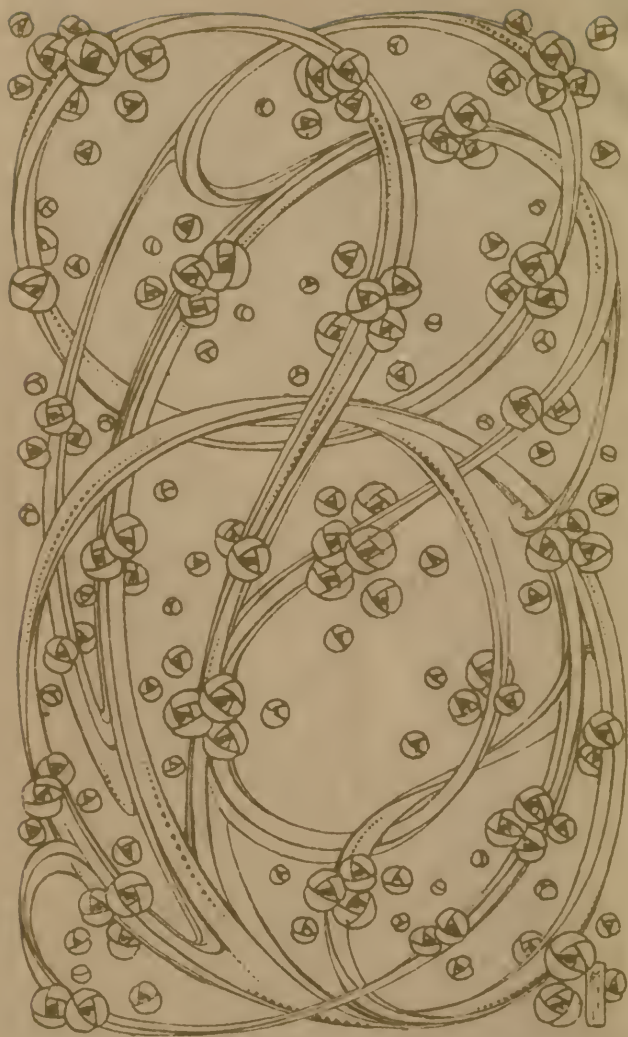
"Course of Time". It says all that need be said on the subject of the once popular prose of Pollok's verse.

p. 310. *Any Pleader to any Student*. This marvellous parody of Browning, in one of the special pleadings in "The Ring and the Book", is taken from a book which contains so many masterpieces of its kind that choice among them is difficult (Sir Frederick Pollock's "Leading Cases done into English"). Almost equal to the Browning is the parody of Swinburne's "Marque of Queen Besabe", in the form of a case, "*Manby v. Scott, &c.*", in which the persons speak after this manner:

"The mystery of wives' separate trade
By me Jan Gallagher was made
In latter days elucubrate.
I writ no writing, sealed no thing,
I dealt after a man's dealing,
Until my debt was heavy and great.
By rede of the one Lord Justice,
Albeit it was newfangledness,
This will bind separate estate."

p. 318. I have chosen, out of Mr. Swinburne's book of parodies, only recently admitted by him among his collected works, "The Heptalogia, or the Seven against Sense, a Cap with Seven Bells", the two most perfect, that on Tennyson ("The Higher Pantheism"), and "Nephelidia", on himself. All are good, the Rossetti remarkably good, and the Browning, and the just and cruel Patmore. No one since Hogg has put so much genuine poetry into a parody; these, like his, are creations, and the wit is finer. Technically, Swinburne is as great a master of comic as of serious metre.

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